

# POLICE

COMICS 10¢



FEATURING  
PLASTIC MAN

FEBRUARY  
NO. 7



FIREBRAND



THE HUMAN BOMB



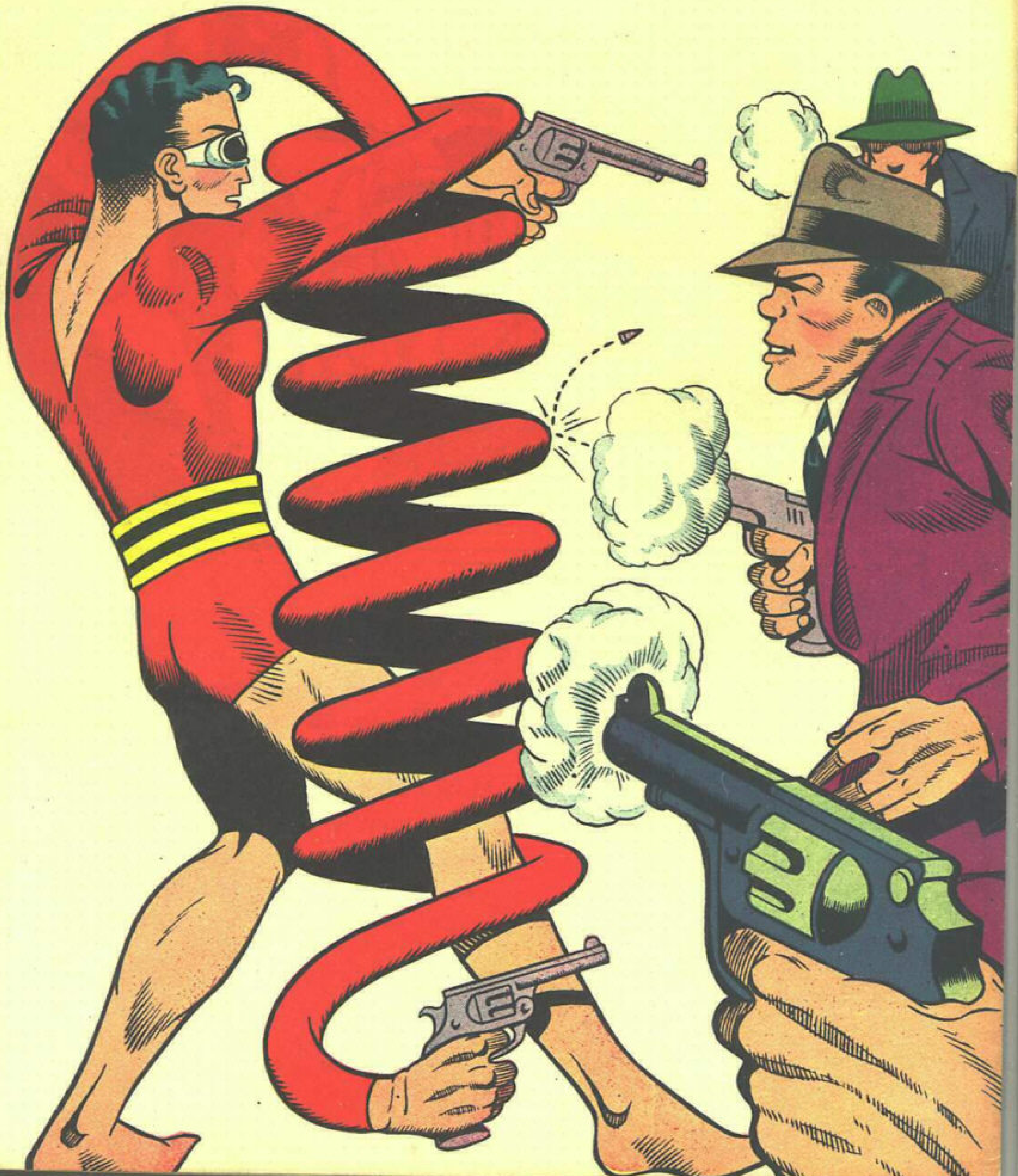
PHANTOM LADY



#711



CHIC CARTER







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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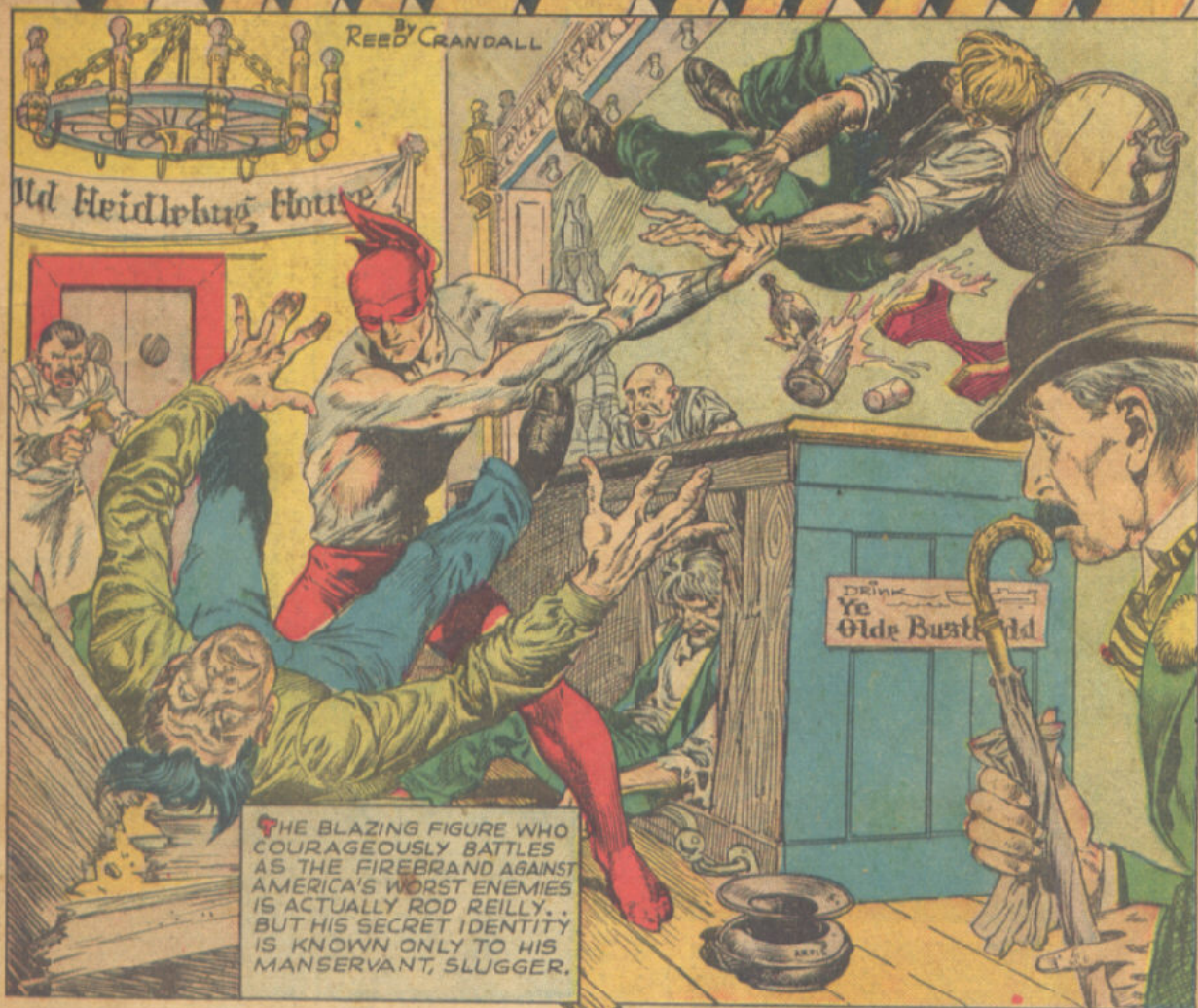


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100

# FIREBRAND



ROD REILLY IS ENTERTAINING AN OLD FRIEND FROM ENGLAND, SIR FALCON FARNSWORTH OF THE C.I.D., IN HIS CLUB SHORTLY AFTER SIR FALCON'S ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY.

YOUR FIRST VISIT ISN'T IT?



QUITE SO, AND I HAD A MOST SINGULAR ADVENTURE BEGINNING IMMEDIATELY UPON MY ARRIVAL... A SPECTACULAR FIGURE BY THE ODD NAME OF FIREBRAND RATHER SAVED MY CHESTNUTS FROM THE FIRE, AS IT WERE. SPLENDID CHAR, PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?

HMM, YES... BELIEVE I HAVE. SOMETHING IN THE PAPERS.



#7 CFO

4304



ANYHOW, I CAME HERE BEARING SOME VERY IMPORTANT INFORMATION AND PORTRAITS OF A NUMBER OF FAMOUS ESPIONAGE ARTISTS WHO ESCAPED OUR CLUTCHES. BELIEVING THAT THEY HAD ESCAPED TO THIS COUNTRY, THE C.I.D. SENT ME TO PIN THE GOODS ON 'EM. I WAS TO MEET AN F.B.I. AGENT HERE!



BUT AS I GOT OFF THE CLIPPER, I COULD DISCERN NO ONE WAITING FOR ME...

NOW WHERE THE DEUCE!



SUDDENLY I WAS ACCOSTED BY A RATHER ROUGH-LOOKING CHARACTER.

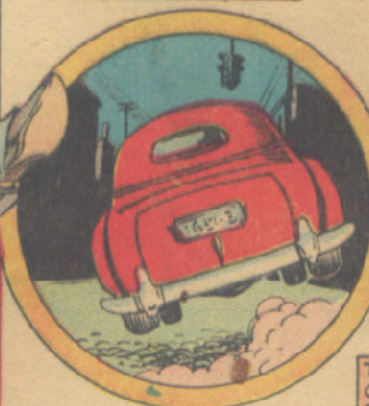
HEY, PAL! ARE YOU MR. FARNSWORTH? AN F.B.I. AGENT SENT ME TO FERRY YOU TO HIS APARTMENT!



GETTING INTO HIS AUTO, I WAS WHISKED VIOLENTLY AWAY...



OUR SPEED WAS SO PRECARIOUS AS TO MAKE ME FEAR AN ACCIDENT INEVITABLE.



MY FEARS WERE WELL FOUNDED, FOR IT WAS BUT A SHORT TIME UNTIL WE FOUND OURSELVES BARGING INTO ANOTHER VEHICLE.



MY CHAUFFEUR STEPPED OUT WITH AN OATH TO FACE THE OTHER DRIVER.

A WISE GUY EH?

WHY YOU!



THE PILOT OF THE OTHER VEHICLE HAD THE FACE OF AN EX-PUGILIST AND I FEARED FOR MY DRIVER'S SAFETY.

THROW UP YER DUKES, HANDSOME!



THE TWO WENT AT IT COMPLETELY IGNORING THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!





BUT MY PILOT RESORTED TO FOUL PLAY. DONNING BRASS KNUCKLES, HE SOON HAD THE OTHER CHAP IN A SUPINE POSITION.



I LEAPED OUT OF THE CAR TO OBJECT, JUST AS THE OCCUPANT OF THE OTHER AUTO DID THE SAME. . . A LOVELY GIRL.



I SAY, OLD BOY, THAT'S NOT CRICKET!

ACTING IN A MOST EXTRAORDINARY MANNER, MY DRIVER TURNED ON US WITH A REVOLVER.



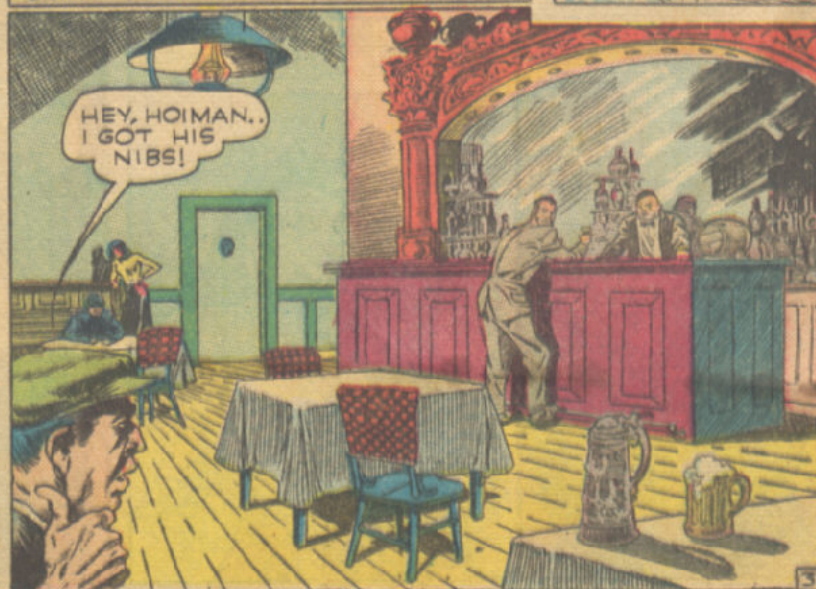
HAVING NO ALTERNATIVE, WE DID AS DIRECTED AND I FOUND MYSELF DRIVING.



OUR CAPTOR DIRECTED US TO A RATHER UNWHOLE-SOME SECTION OF THE CITY.



IT WAS A GLOOMY SORT OF PUB THAT SEEMED LIKE A PRIVATE CLUB, THERE BEING ONLY A FEW PEOPLE PRESENT.



WHERE WE WERE FORCED DOWN A FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO A BASEMENT RATHS-KELLER.





WE WERE LED TO A TABLE WHERE WE WERE SOON SURROUNDED BY THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SALOON.



SUDDENLY I REALIZED I WAS LOOKING AT THE VERY SUSPECTS WHOSE NAMES AND PICTURES I WAS CARRYING.



WELL, WELL! "PIG" VON FLAMEN, MONK AND HELGA. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH PLEASURE IT AFFORDS ME TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN!



BUT I MUST DISAPPOINT YOU CONCERNING THE PAPERS!



I MUST SAY I PUT UP A RAWTHER GOOD TUSSLE UNTIL...



YOU SHOULD NEVER IGNORE A LADY, DEAR FALCON!



I HAVE THE PAPERS, MONK. PUT THE GIRL AND FALCON IN THE CELLAR. THEY BORE ME.





LED THROUGH A DOOR IN A BACK ROOM, OUR CAPTORS FORCED US DOWNSTAIRS.



SOON WE CAME TO A HUGE, VAULT-LIKE ROOM THAT WAS HALF-FILLED WITH WATER. THERE WE WERE MET BY TWO VILLAINOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS.



YOU LUGS GUARD THESE TWO. I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE BOSS!

OKAY, MONK.

GOOD TING DE BOSS SENT YOUSE DOWN. WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUSE... YAH?

SHUT UP, DUTCH. WE GOTTA TIE 'EM UP!



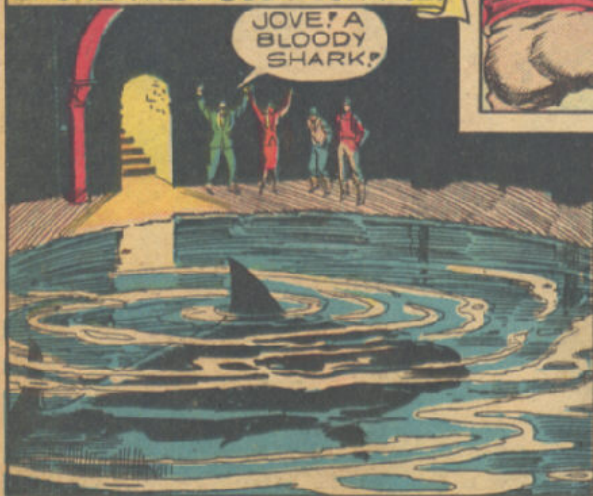
AREN'T YOU AFRAID WE'LL ESCAPE, MISTER?

HAW! DAT'S VERRY FONNY! MEBBE YOU LAK' TRY SWIM TO DRAIN-PIPE?



AT FIRST I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES WHEN AN UGLY FIN BROKE THE POOL'S SURFACE.

JOVE! A BLOODY SHARK!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT, MISS... BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY NAME IS JOAN, SIR FALCON. WELL, CHIN UP! CARRY ON!





WELL I THOUGHT THE JIG WAS UP, BUT I SUDDENLY NOTICED SOMETHING SWIMMING OUT OF THE DRAIN PIPE.



JOAN!  
WHAT  
THE  
DEVIL  
IS THAT?

JOAN GAVE A SCREAM.

IT'S FIREBRAND!  
OH, GO BACK! GO  
BACK! THE SHARK!  
THE...



THE GUARDS SPIED THE STRANGE FIGURE BUT DID NOTHING TO STOP HIM.

HAW! HE  
WILL NOT  
GET PAST  
OUR LIT-  
TLE PET!

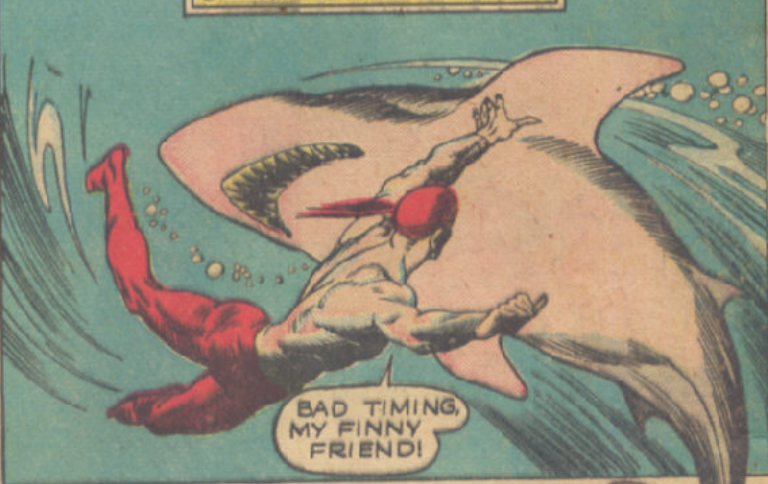


THE SHARK SPIED FIREBRAND ALSO AND HEADED FOR HIM.



SO THEY'VE  
GOT FRESH  
FISH ON THE  
MENU HERE!

THE WATER WAS VERY CLEAR AND WE COULD SEE THE FURIOUS STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE STRANGE OPPONENTS. LIKE AN EEL, THE FIREBRAND WRIGGLED CLEAR OF THE DEADLY JAWS.



BAD TIMING,  
MY FINNY  
FRIEND!

AS THE SHARK SLASHED BY, THE FIREBRAND GRASPED HIS HUGE DORSAL FIN.



FROM HIS TRUNKS HE DREW A LONG-BLADED KNIFE.





AGAIN AND AGAIN THE FLASHING BLADE SANK DEEP INTO THE MONSTER.

UNTIL THE POOL WAS ONCE AGAIN CALM AND ONLY BLOODY BUBBLES AROSE TO THE SURFACE...

BY GAR..IF HE FINISH DE SHARK, WE FINISH HEEM!

BUT TO OUR UTTER AMAZEMENT HE AROSE, HOLDING THE DEAD ANIMAL.

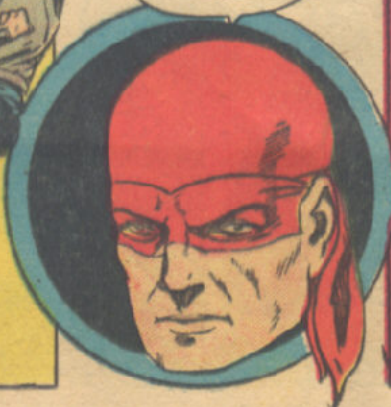
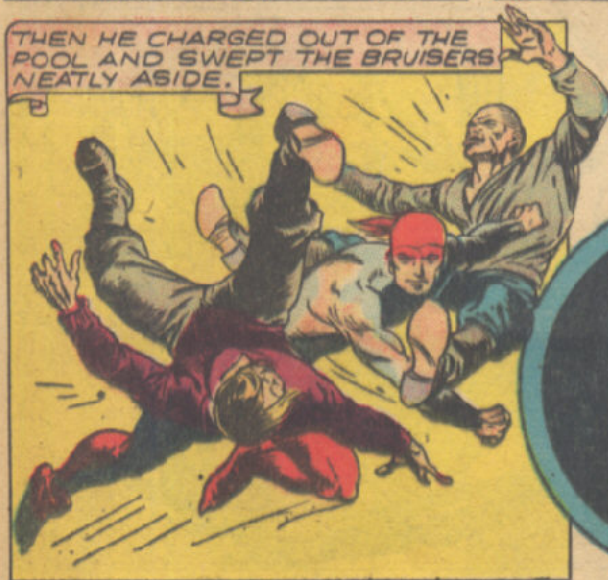
AND HURLED IT SMACK INTO OUR STUPID CAPTORS.

THEN HE CHARGED OUT OF THE POOL AND SWEEP THE BRUISERS NEATLY ASIDE.

I'LL UNTIE YOU TWO THEN WE'LL GO UP-STAIRS AND GET YOUR PAPERS BACK, SIR FALCON!

AS WE FOLLOWED HIM UP, I WAS IN A DAZE.

NOW HOW THE DEUCE DID THIS STRANGE PERSON COME TO KNOW SO MUCH?





WHEN WE CAME TO THE BARROOM DOOR, FIRE-BRAND STOPPED US.

YOU TWO STAY HERE!

RIGHTO!



AS HE STEPPED INTO MY ENEMIES' LAIR, I KEPT MY EYE TO THE KEYHOLE.

JOVE! THE FELLOW HAS NERVE!



SAY, WHO IS THAT LUG?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M AFRAID IT'S UNCLE SAMMY THAT WANTS YOU!



WOULD YOU CARE TO SPLIT A BOTTLE WITH ME?

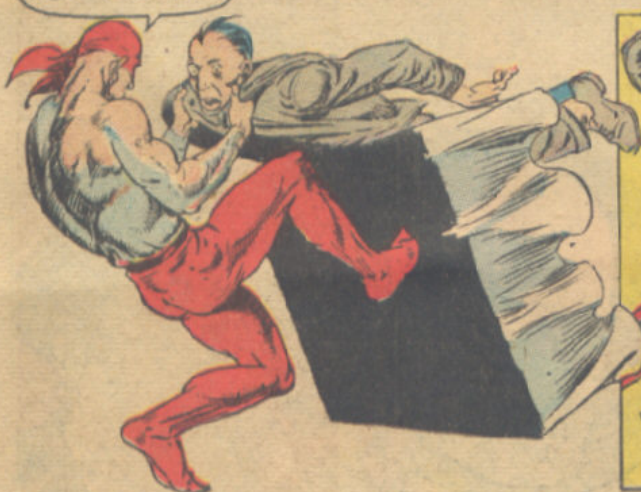
HOW HOSPITABLE OF YOU, COUNT?



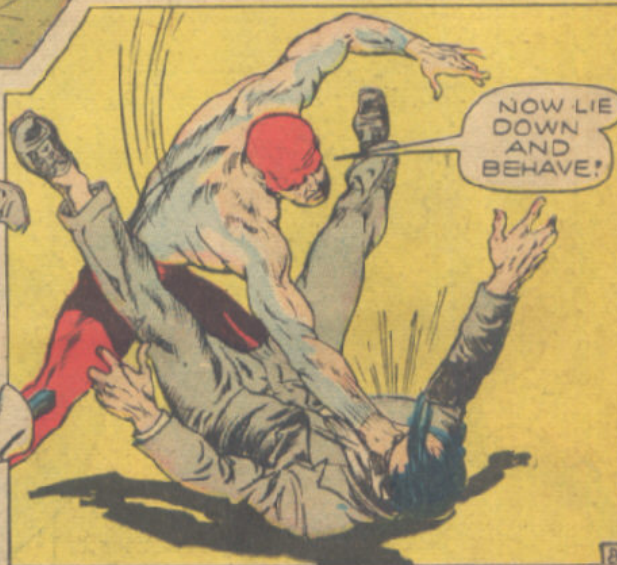
MY DEAR FELLOW.. SUCH FOLLY SHALL ONLY LEAD TO AN EARLY GRAVE!



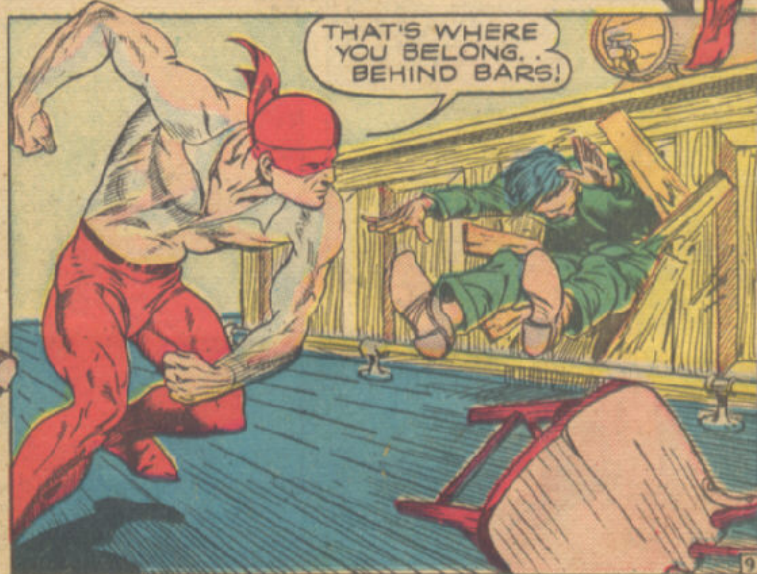
COME HERE, VON FLAMEN!



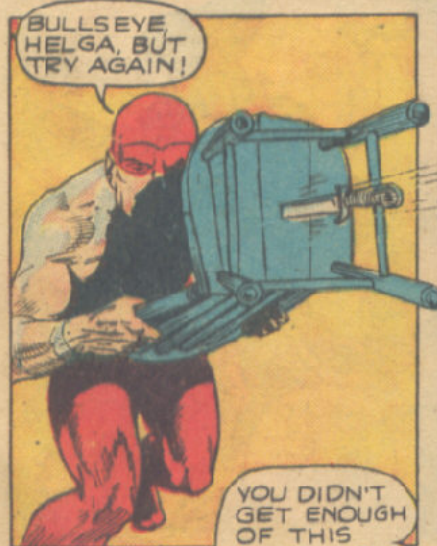
NOW LIE DOWN AND BEHAVE!



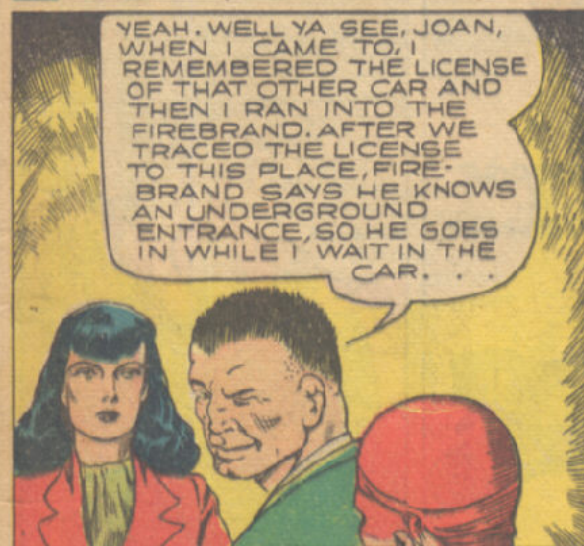












Watch for the next sensational episode of The Firebrand in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.



# 711

FROM BEHIND  
PRISON WALLS  
JUSTICE IS METED  
OUT BY  
DAN DYCE,  
LIFER # 711,  
WHO IS SERVING  
TIME FOR A CRIME  
HE NEVER  
COMMITTED--



by  
**GEORGE  
E.  
BRENNER**

IN THE HIDE-OUT OF  
"DRIPPY" DREW, THE CITY'S  
NO. 1 HOODLUM--

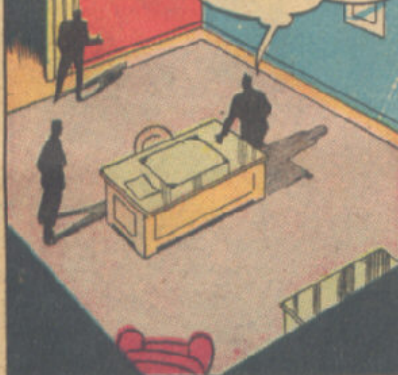
YA KNOW,  
DRID, THIS NEW  
RACKET OF  
OURS HAS  
EVERYTHING  
BEAT A  
MILE!

YEAH, THINK  
OF IT-- WHOLE-  
SALE PRISON  
BREAKS AT  
HALF PRICE--



AN' TH' FOIST  
ONE WE'DE  
WOIKIN' IS  
WESTMOOR,  
AIN'T IT?

YES--AN'  
ALL BUT ABOUT  
TEN OF TH' NINE  
HUNDRED STIR-  
CRAZY LUGS  
PAID ME 500 BUCKS  
APIECE IN ADVANCE  
TO HELP 'EM BREAK  
OUT--



WHEN DO  
WE DO  
THIS??

MIDNIGHT  
TONIGHT--AN'  
EVERYTHING'S  
SET--



I EVEN GOT  
PHONEY GUARDS  
TAKIN' OVER TH'  
LATE SHIFT--





AND IN WESTMOOR PRISON  
SMALL GROUPS OF MEN GATHER  
AND TALK IN UNDERTONES--



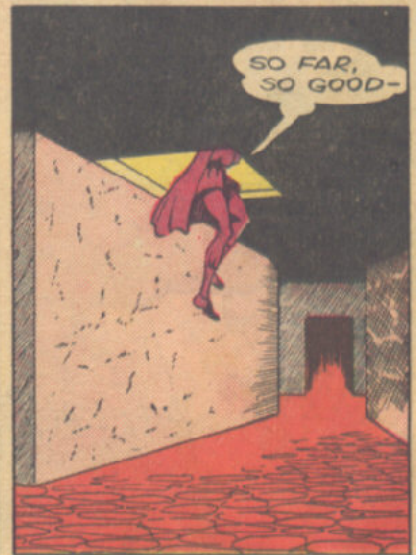
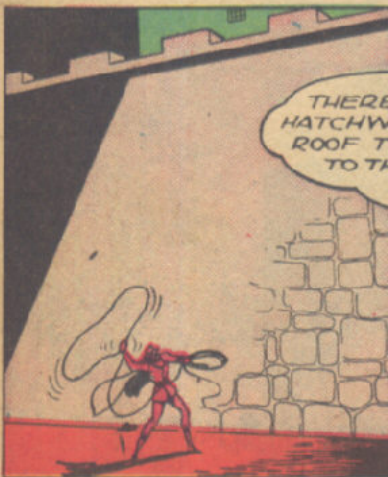
DAN OYCE, LIFER #711, OVER-  
HEARS THE PLOT TO ESCAPE--



AND SOMETHING'S  
GOT TO BE DONE OR  
HALF THE MEN WERE  
WILL BE SHOT DOWN  
BEFORE THEY REACH  
THE WALLS---

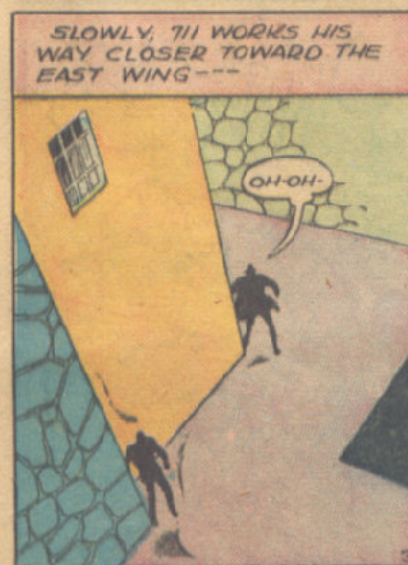
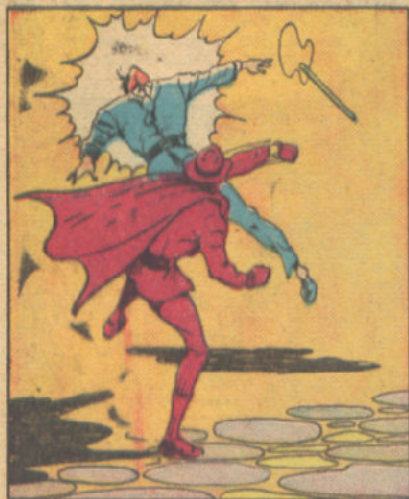


AND AN HOUR BEFORE MID-  
NIGHT, 711 IS AT WORK TO  
THWART THE PRISON BREAK--





AND ONE BOGUS GUARD AFTER ANOTHER FALLS UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOWS OF 711---



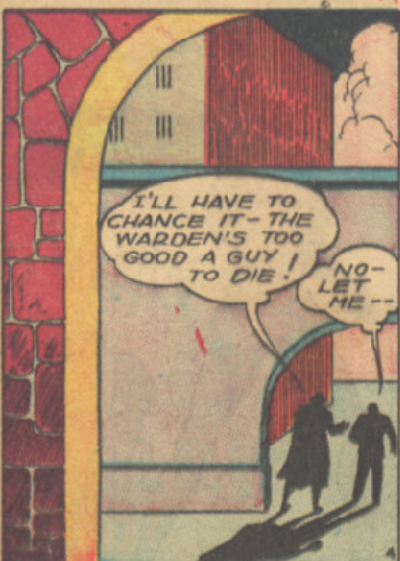
HELLO, GIPPER!

WHY??  
711!!

ARE YOU IN ON THIS BREAK TOO?

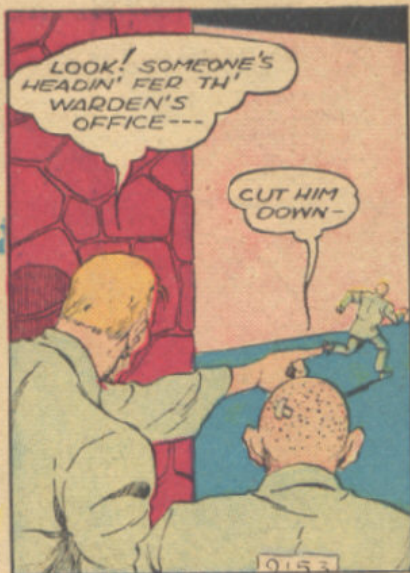
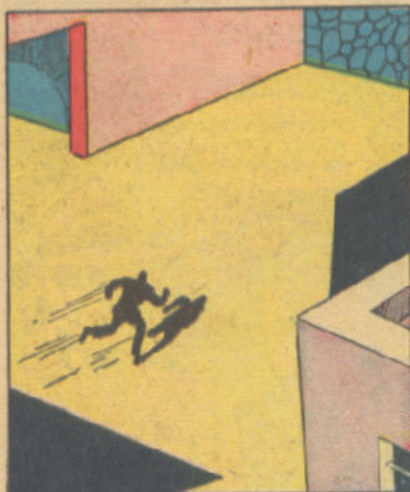
NO-HONEST I AIN'T--







AND GIPPER STARTS THE TREACHEROUS DASH ACROSS THE YARD---



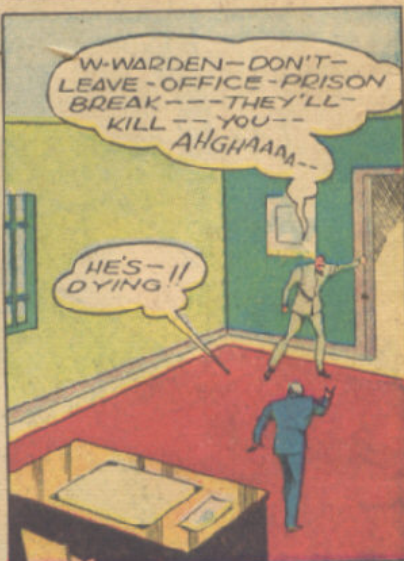
THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK--



STILL HE KEEPS ON AS BULLET AFTER BULLET SMASHES INTO HIS BODY---



HE STAGGERS INTO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE---



MEANWHILE TII COMES TO AND HAS GRABBED ONE OF THE FAKE GUARDS---



HE'S OUTSIDE TH' WALLS SEEIN' HOW EVERYTHING GOES--THAT'S ALL I KNOW.....







A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE--







Enjoy Dewey Drip each and every month in POLICE COMICS.



# Eagle EVANS

BY  
Clark Williams



EAGLE AND SNAP ENTER A CHINESE LAUNDRY.



SNAP NOTICES A POSTER ON THE WALL.







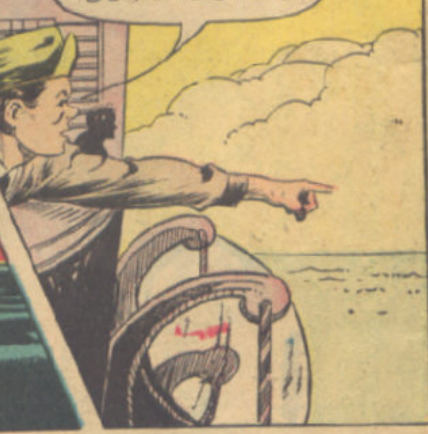
EAGLE AND SNAP BOARD A GREAT LINER BOUND FOR CHINA.



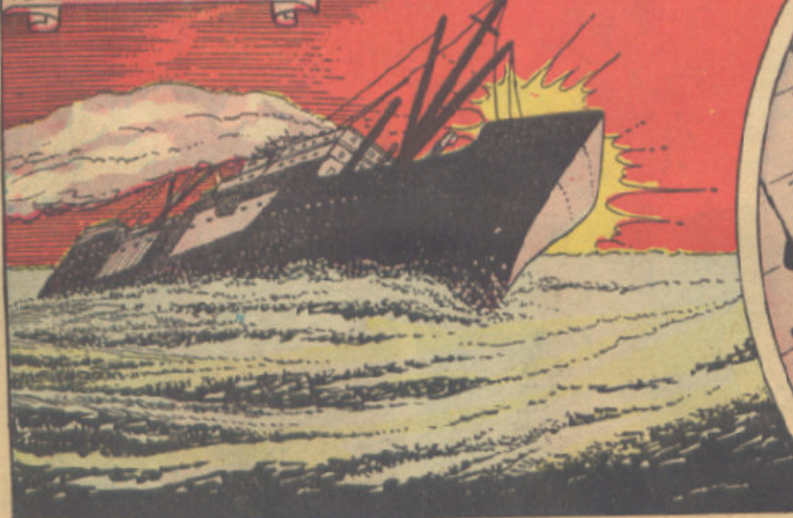
THE SHIP SETS OUT TO SEA AND AFTER SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL DAYS....



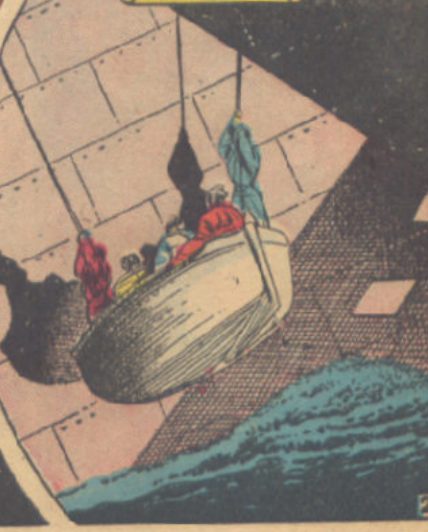
EAGLE? PERISCOPE! AND HOLY SMOKE HERE COMES A TORPEDO! IT'S GONNA HIT US AMIDSHIPS!



THERE IS A RENDING EXPLOSION AND SOON THE LINER IS LISTING CRAZILY.



HASTILY, LIFEBOATS ARE LOWERED.





EAGLE MANS THE TILLER AS A STRONG WIND CARRIES THEM WESTWARD.

SUDDENLY...

WIND'S PICKING UP FAST! I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN FOR A TYPHOON!



FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY THE TINY CRAFT IS TOSSED BY THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES UNTIL...

LAND! LAND! LIES STRAIGHT AHEAD, MEN!



THE BATTERED LIFE BOAT REACHES SHORE, BUT...

SNAP! THIS IS ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY!



JAP GENTRIES SPOT THE CASTAWAYS...

GUARDS! TAKE THE WHITE ONES PRISONER. IF THEY RESIST, KILL!



SURRENDER IN NAME OF RISING SUN!



OH YEAH?



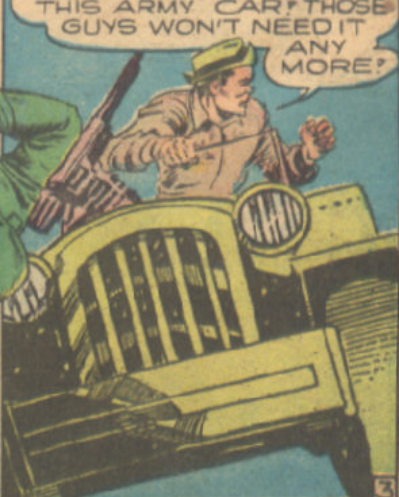
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE AMERICAN BRAND OF FIGHTING!



OH, SO YOU DON'T LIKE IT, HEY?



HEY, EAGLE! LET'S GRAB THIS ARMY CAR! THOSE GUYS WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!





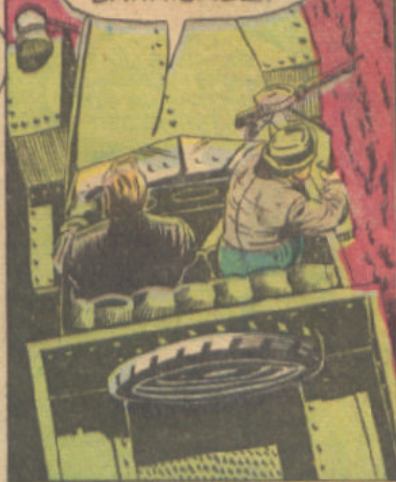
EAGLE LEAPS FOR THE CAR AS SNAP STANDS GUARD.



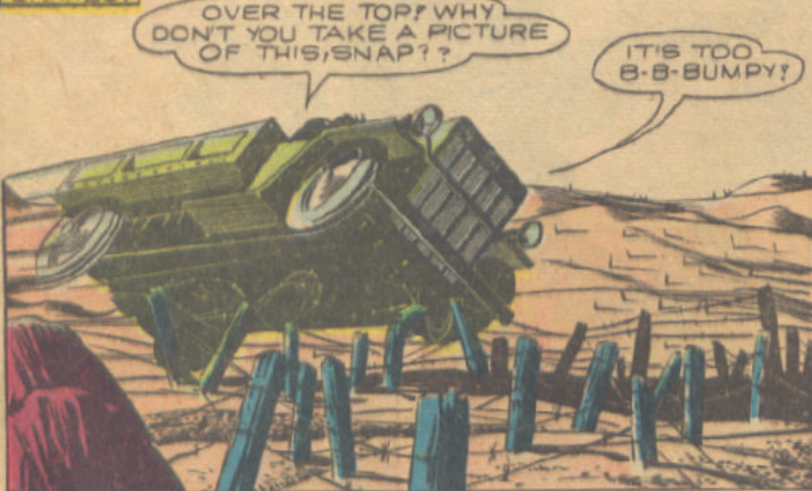
THE REST OF THE SURVIVORS ESCAPE TO THE WOODS.



LOOK WHAT WE'RE HEADING INTO, SNAP! A BARBED WIRE BARRICADE!



EAGLE DECIDES TO STEP ON THE GAS INSTEAD OF THE BRAKES.



AN ENEMY PLANE ATTACKS BUT TURNS TAIL WHEN SNAP GETS TO WORK.



AFTER A MADCAP DASH, THEY REACH THE CHINESE MILITARY AREA.



EAGLE AND SNAP ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDER.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE DARING PAIR ROARS THROUGH ENEMY-INFESTED SKIES.





SOON THEY REACH THE  
FRONT LINES.

DO YOU SEE WHAT  
I SEE COMIN'  
STRAIGHT AT  
US, SNAP?

GULP...  
I-I SURE  
DO!

THE JAPS DIVE  
IN ATTACK

A SQUADRON OF JAP  
FIGHTERS ROARS THROUGH  
THE SKIES.

HOLD YOUR  
HAT! HERE WE  
GO, PAL!

LET THE  
FUN BEGIN,  
CHIEF!

BUT EAGLE IS  
NOT CAUGHT  
NAPPING...

HIS GUNS BLAST DEATH.

BUT A JAP SWOOPS  
DOWN ON HIS TAIL.

AND BULLETS SMASH THE  
RUDDER AND ELEVATOR  
CONTROL LINES.

THE CRIPPLED  
WARBIRD BARELY  
MANAGES TO LAND.

WHEW! I THOUGHT  
WE'D NEVER MAKE  
IT!

YOU AND  
ME BOTH  
BROTHER!

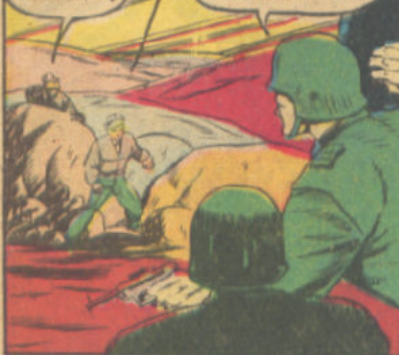


SUDDENLY JAP GUARDS RUSH TOWARD THEM.

UH-OH! GUESS WE DIDN'T LAND AMONG FRIENDS, EAGLE!

SO IT WOULD SEEM!

AMERICANS! TAKE THEM PRISONER!



UNARMED SAVE FOR BARE FISTS, EAGLE AND SNAP FACE FLAILING RIFLE-STOCKS.

SEE HOW YOU LIKE A TASTE OF GOOD, YANKEE KNUCKLES!!

1-4 N-6 12!

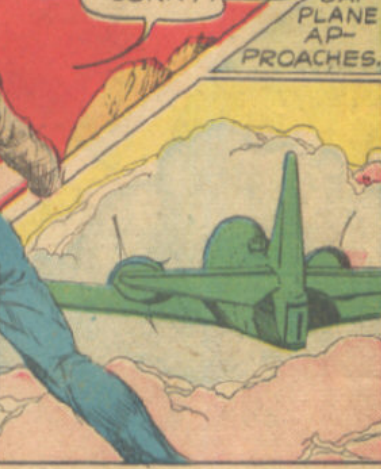


BRAVE SONS OF NIPPON TO BATTLE! IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

EAGLE DROPS THE LAST OF THEM WITH A CRUSHING BLOW.

THAT PUTS YOU OUT OF THE RUNNING, SONNY!

A JAP PLANE APPROACHES.



THE ENEMY BOMBER LANDS ON THE FIELD.

EAGLE GIVES THE CREW THE OLD ONE-TWO.

THEY ROAR SKYWARD IN THE BORROWED BOMBER.



C'MON, SNAP! LET'S TAKE CARE OF THOSE BOYS TOO! I'M JUST NICELY WARMED UP AND SO'S THAT PLANE MOTOR!



BEAUTIFUL...! I GOT A SWELL SHOT OF THAT!





EAGLE AND SNAP HEAD BACK FOR THE CHINESE BASE.

THINK WE'VE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE AFTER-NOON, EAGLE?

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK, SNAP! BUT KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

A MOMENT LATER...

WELL, LOOK AT THAT DOWN THERE, WILL YOU?

JUST THE JOB FOR US! WHAT A BREAK!

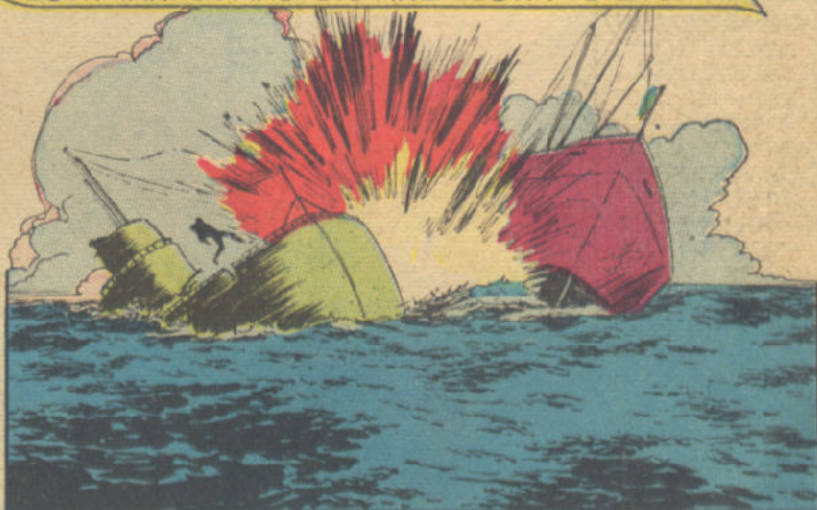
A JAP SUB REFUELS FROM A TANKER.



EAGLE NOSES THE PLANE DOWN IN A SCREAMING DIVE.

WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED TO RECEIVE AN EGG-DELIVERY FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES!

BOTH TANKER AND SUB ARE BLOWN TO BITS.



SNAP BAILS OUT OF THE JAP PLANE.

I'LL TELL OUR CHINESE PALS NOT TO SHOOT DOWN EAGLE!

EAGLE LANDS UNHARMED.

AH! THERE'S SNAP AND THE COMMANDER! NOW TO MAKE MY REPORT!

NEWS OF YOUR DARING EXPLOITS HAS ALREADY REACHED THESE UNWORTHY EARS! CHINA SALUTES YOU!

IT WAS A PLEASURE, COMMANDER!

YOU SAID IT!



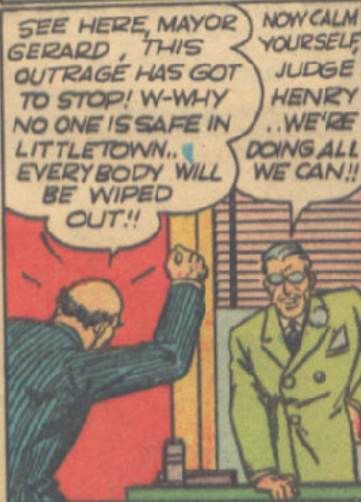


DARKNESS FALLS  
OVER LITTLETOWN  
AND WITH IT  
COMES SOUNDS OF  
CREAKING LOCKS  
AND BARRED  
WINDOWS FOR THIS  
IS THE ELEVENTH  
NIGHT OF THE  
REIGN OF TERROR  
AND EVERYONE  
KNOWS WHEN THE  
COCK CROWS ANOTHER  
BODY WILL BE  
FOUND DANGLING  
FROM THE END  
OF A HANGMAN'S  
NOOSE.. **DEATH  
WALKS IN  
LITTLETOWN!!**

MORNING.. AND THE TREMBLING TOWNS-  
FOLK FIND ANOTHER VICTIM...



IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE..



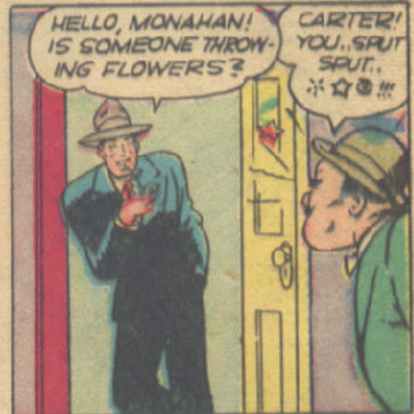
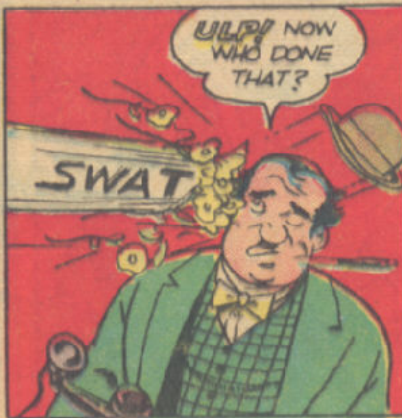
ELEVEN MURDERS IN ELEVEN  
NIGHTS.. I CAN'T STAND IT..  
TONIGHT SOMEONE ELSE WILL  
BE KILLED BY THAT STALKING  
MANIAC... MAYBE I !!  
..YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY  
WANTED TO DRIVE EVERY-  
ONE OUT OF LITTLETOWN!!





IN A NEARBY CITY SERGEANT MONAHAN IS AROUSED.

YEP! O.K., MAYOR GERARD, YOU'LL HAVE THE BEST DETECTIVE ON THE FORCE.. I'LL HANDLE THE CASE MYSELF!! GOOD AS SOLVED!! BLAH BLAH...



GO CHASE A RABBIT... I MUST SOLVE A BUNCH OF MURDERS IN LITTLETOWN!! POLICE REPORTER, BAH!!

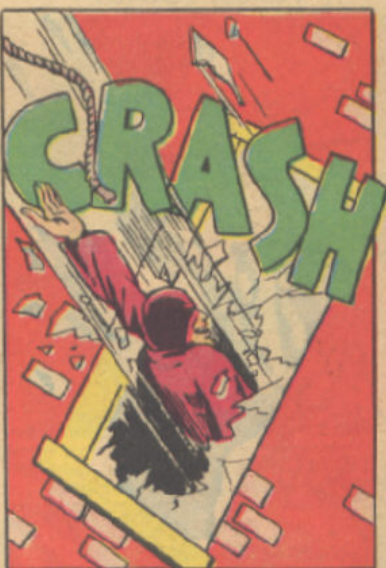
AW! CAN'T I GO ALONG AND WATCH OR SOMETHING!!



AS SUNDOWN APPROACHES... A CAR SPEEDS TOWARD LITTLETOWN....











THE HANGMAN WHIPS OUT A GUN AND FIRES BLINDLY AT HIS PURSUER...

UNABLE TO SHAKE THE POLICE-REPORTER, THE HANGMAN LEAPS TO THE STREET....

AT THAT MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS SHOT IS FIRED..





THE  
NEXT  
**MORNING!**



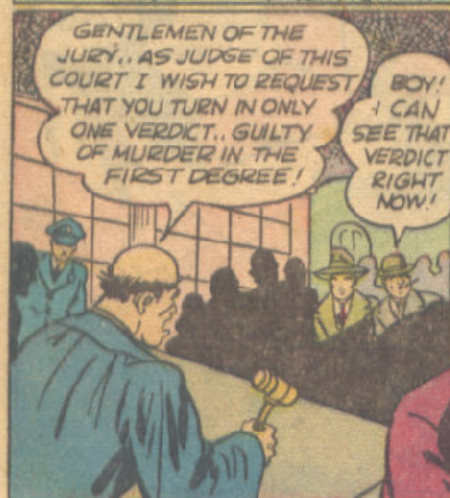
JUDGE HENRY..  
DID YOU HEAR  
THE GOOD NEWS?  
THEY'VE CAPTURED  
THE HANGMAN!!

YES..YES.. DON'T  
YOU THINK WE  
OUGHT TO HOLD  
A TRIAL RIGHT  
AWAY.. IF HE ISN'T  
TOO BADLY  
WOUNDED!

GOOD PEOPLE OF LITTLE-  
TOWN.. AT LAST WE HAVE  
ENDED THE REIGN OF  
TERROR THIS MONSTER  
HAS LOOSED UPON US..  
IT IS NOW OUR DUTY TO  
SEE THAT HE PAYS FOR  
THE CRIMES HE COMMITTED!



LATER..THE LITTLE TOWN COURTROOM  
IS JAMMED, AWAITING A VERDICT....



BOY!  
I CAN  
SEE THAT  
VERDICT  
RIGHT  
NOW!

JUST A MINUTE!! THIS  
POOR CHAP HASN'T ANY-  
ONE TO TESTIFY FOR HIM!  
IT'S TRUE HE MURDERED..  
BUT I ASSURE YOU.. HE  
KILLED NOT WILLINGLY OR  
KNOWINGLY!!

WHAT  
?

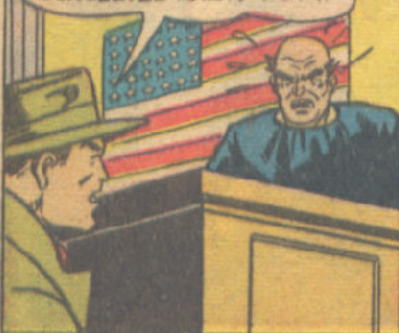


CHIC CARTER THROWS THE COURTROOM  
INTO AN UPROAR....

YES, GENTLEMEN, I  
HAVE PROOF THAT THIS  
MAN WAS ACTING UNDER  
ORDERS... TO LOOK AT HIM  
YOU CAN TELL HE IS A DOPE  
FIEND.. AND IN A DRUGGED  
CONDITION HE CARRIED  
OUT THE MURDERS PLANNED  
BY HIS MASTER.. JUDGE  
HENRY!



YOU MADE TWO SLIPS  
JUDGE HENRY! THE FIRST..  
WHEN YOU DROPPED THIS BUTTON  
FROM YOUR COAT SLEEVE LAST  
NIGHT WHEN YOU TRIED TO  
KILL THE HANGMAN... THE  
SECOND.. WHEN YOU SAID  
THAT HE WAS WOUNDED!! ONLY  
THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN BESIDES  
OURSELVES KNEW THAT!!



THE EXPOSED JUDGE TRIES TO  
MAKE A GETAWAY....



.. BUT CHIC IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM....





THE HANGMAN LEAPS FROM THE WITNESS STAND...

IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! HE MADE ME KILL... SAID IF I WOULDN'T STOP GIVING ME DOPE!!



AND NOW WHEN I AM CAUGHT YOU TELL THEM TO KILL ME... HA! HA! FOR THAT I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!

NO! STAY BACK!



STOP!

AAA!



I'M SHOT! I... WAS SHOT BY... MY OWN BROTHER!

?



JUDGE HENRY... YOUR BROTHER?? ...BUT WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME DO HE MAKE YOU KILL THE CITIZENS OF LITTLETOWN??

(GASP)...HE DISCOVERED A STRAIN OF GOLD UNDER THE... COURTHOUSE... (GUSH)...HE WANTED TO FRIGHTEN EVERYONE AWAY... SO HE COULD HAVE ALL THE GOLD HIMSELF!



LATER...

WELL, MONEHAN, ANOTHER HOMICIDE SOLVED... BUT I MUST SAY THIS ONE WORKED OUT DIFFERENT THAN ANY BEFORE!







THE TIME: MIDNIGHT...  
THE PLACE: A.J. PHON FUR CO.





MORE POLICEMEN BAR THE WAY.



SOON HE IS IN THE SECRET OFFICE OF THE UNITED CROOKS OF AMERICA



LATER EEL STRIPS TO THE AWK INSPIRING COSTUME OF PLASTIC MAN AND VISITS THE POLICE!









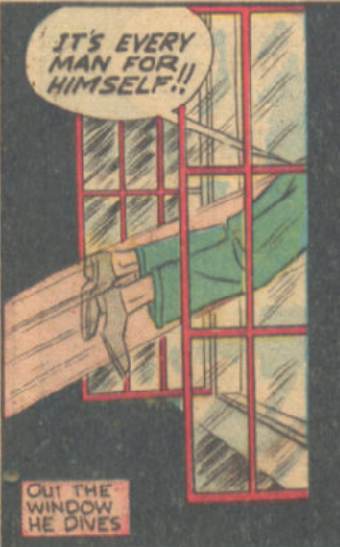
LEAVING FEL IN THE CAR, THE TWO ENTER THE PENTHOUSE.



"RIGHT, 26 - LEFT, 77 - RIGHT, 2 - LEFT -"



THEN, AS THE SAFE DOOR IS OPENED...



TRIGGER SLIDES DOWN A CONNECTING ROPE ON A SPECIAL PULLEY....



BUT PLASTIC MAN FLATTENS OUT LIKE A FLYING SQUIRREL AND GLIDES...



TRIGGER IS CLIPPED AS HE LANDS ON A NEARBY ROOF...





THE MAN OF RUBBER DIVES FOR A WATER TOWER...



A FEW MINUTES LATER AS THE TWO JEWEL THIEVES ENTER THE CAR...



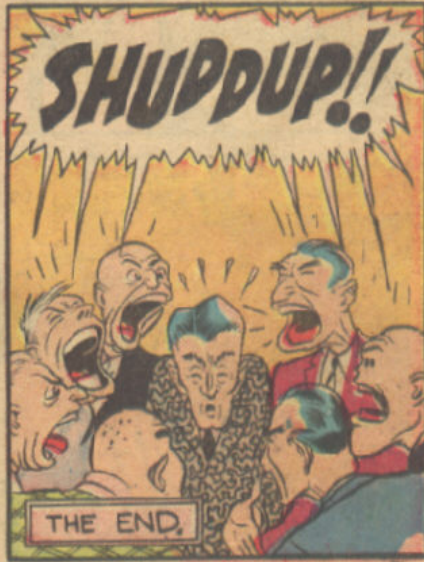
TRIGGER AND APE CRACK...



AT THE GANG'S QUARTERS A BIG PARTY IS IN READINESS TO CELEBRATE THE GEM HAUL:







Follow the thrilling adventures of Plastic Man in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.



# SUPER SNOOPER

THE YEGG BEATER

by GILL FOX

YOU MUST HELP ME, MR. ZUPER SNOOPER. YOU MUST COME TO MY RESTAURANT AND CATCH THE ONE WHO ROBS THE COATS OF MY CUSTOMERS!!

JUST LEAVE YOUR CASE TO ME AND MY TWO ASSISTANTS, MYSELF AND I, WE'LL SOLVE IT!

AT THE RESTAURANT

THIS COAT OF MINE COST ME \$75.00 IT SHOULD MAKE A GOOD DECOY TO CATCH THE CROOK!

WATCH YOUR COAT!

WOW! THAT STEAK I JUST ORDERED IS \$5.00! IT MUST COME FROM A SACRED COW!

OH OH! THERE GOES MY COAT! HEY, COME BACK!

STOP, YA CROOK!

RESTAURANT

HE GOT AWAY... AND WITH MY COAT! OH WELL, I STILL GOT MY APPETITE!

BACK IN THE RESTAURANT

HEY, WAITER!

I WAS WATCHING MY COAT WHEN SOMEBODY STOLE MY STEAK!

WATCH YOUR COAT!

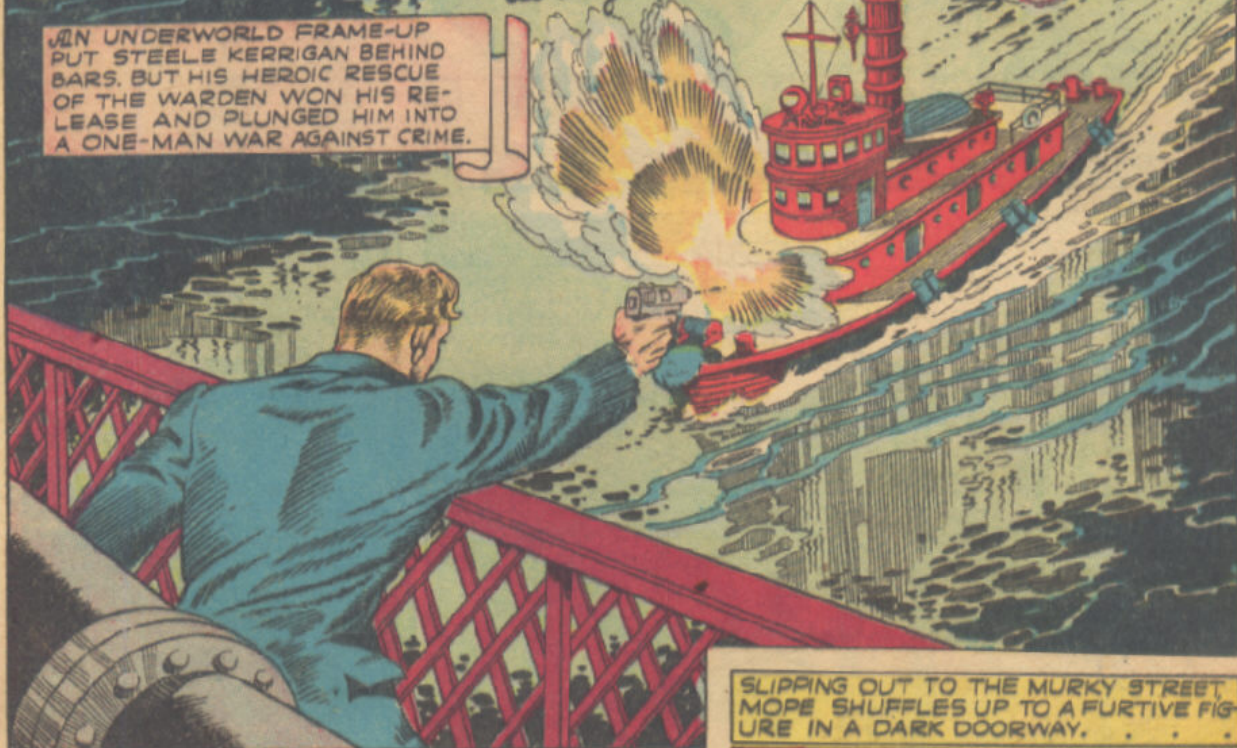
Super Snooper will amuse you again in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.



# STEELE KERRIGAN

by Al Bryant

AN UNDERWORLD FRAME-UP PUT STEELE KERRIGAN BEHIND BARS. BUT HIS HEROIC RESCUE OF THE WARDEN WON HIS RELEASE AND PLUNGED HIM INTO A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME.



SLIPPING OUT TO THE MURKY STREET, MOPE SHUFFLES UP TO A FURTIVE FIGURE IN A DARK DOORWAY.

MOPE MORRIS, ACE TRIGGER-MAN KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH "BIG DORF" SNYDER, GANG LAND BOSS.

YEAH, MOPE. . . KERRIGAN AIN'T MINDIN' HIS BUSINESS. . . I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE GRAND TO RUB HIM OUT, BUT MAKE IT CLEAN. . . NO WITNESSES!

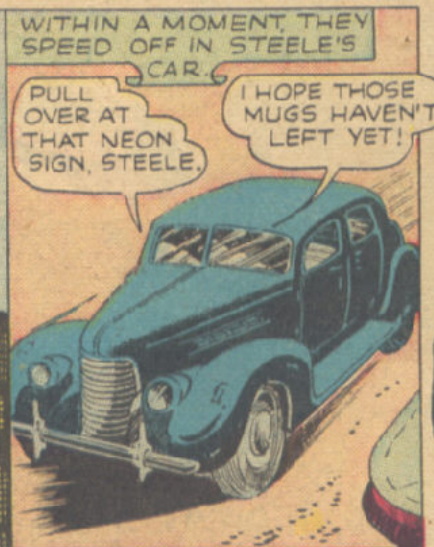
THAT'S JAKE WITH ME, BIG DORF. . . I'LL TAKE CARE O' THAT LUG! WHY I GOTTA PLAN ALREADY!

HIYA, MOPE! WHAT'S IN THE CARDS FOR TONIGHT?

FIVE HUNNERT SINKERS FOR YOU, JINGO. . . JUST GET KERRIGAN ON BROOKBURG BRIDGE BY 2 A.M.! I'LL BE SEEN' YUH!









THE DOOR OF THE ESCAPING CAR SWINGS WIDE AND UNLOADS ONE HENCHMAN.

THEN CONTINUES ITS SWIFT FLIGHT.

BUT MOPE AND HIS PAL SHIFTY KANE INSIDE THE CAFE ARE WORRIED.

SOUNDS LIKE THE BOYS IS HAVIN' A WARM PARTY! DON'T THINK WE'LL STAY FOR REFRESHMENTS SHIFTY!

OUT THE BACK DOOR!



BARGING INTO THE RESTAURANT, STEELE JUGGLES THE MANAGER'S MOLARS.

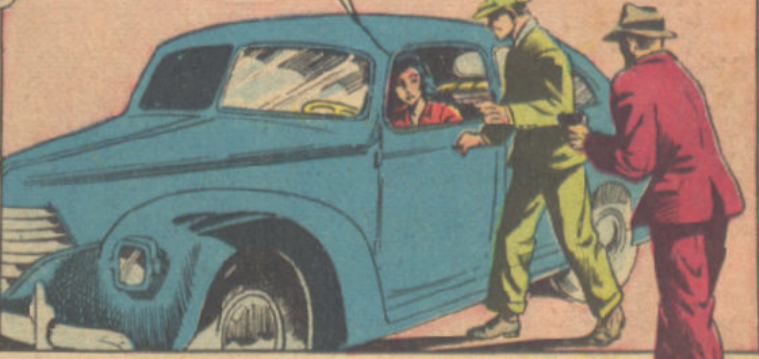
WHERE'D THEY GO? WHICH DOOR'D THEY USE? TALK FAST!!

I D-DON'T KNOW..

OUTSIDE THE TWO GANGSTERS FIND THEIR CAR GONE.. AND HEAD FOR ANNE, WAITING IN STEELE'S CAR.

SURE.. BOYS.. GLAD TO OBLIGE!

O.K. SISTER.. GET OUTTA THAT CAR!.. WE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS.



BUT I'LL TAKE THE RENTAL CHARGE FIRST!

THE DARING GIRL FAILED TO RECKON WITH SHIFTY.

I HATE TO DO THIS SISTER BUT YOU WAS BEGGIN'...

AND ANNE, UNCONSCIOUS, IS HERDED INTO THE BACK SEAT... CAPTIVE.

GUESS SONNY BOY'LL HAVE TO WALK TO THE BRIDGE. EH, SHIFTY? HEH, HEH!





STEELE EMERGES ONLY TO STARE HELPLESSLY AT THE FLEEING AUTO. . .



BUT REMEMBERING HIS DATE WITH JINGO, HE HASTILY HOPS A CAB. . .



A SQUINT-EYED FIGURE WATCHES STEELE'S ARRIVAL. . .



HI, JINGO! WHAT'S THE DIRT?

COME ON.. LET'S WALK UP THE BRIDGE A WAYS.. NICE NIGHT..



IN THE MEANTIME MOPE AND SHIFTY, LEAVING ANNE SECURELY BOUND AND GAGGED IN A WHARF WAREHOUSE, DASH FOR THEIR WAITING SPEEDBOAT.



THE CRAFT SKIMS NOISELESSLY UP THE RIVER. . .

WHEN YA SPOT KERRIGAN DO A QUICK JOB, THEN RIDDLE JINGO.. UNDERSTAND?

GOT YA, BOSS!



REACHING THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, STEELE IS NOT TO BE PUT OFF ANY LONGER. . .

QUIT STALLING, JINGO! WHAT'VE YOU GOT ON BIG DORF?

I AIN'T STALLIN', STEELE..



YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE WIT' DOPE THAT'LL KNOCK YER EARS OFF!





AS HE WALKS AWAY, JINGO ACCIDENTALLY SETS A BOOK OF MATCHES ON FIRE. . .



BUT THE MEN IN THE LURK-ING BOAT HAVE SEEN THE BURNING SIGNAL. . .



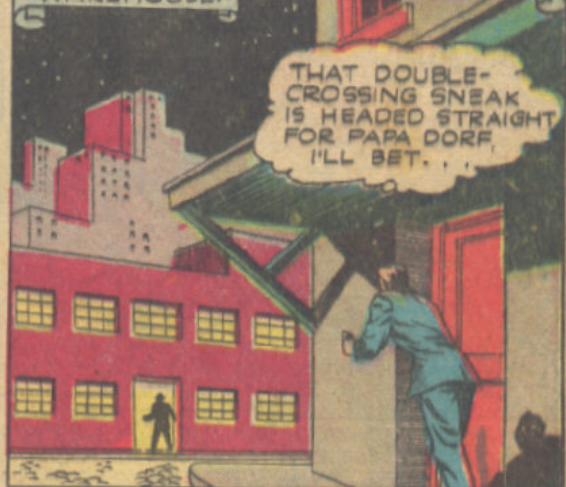
AT THE FIRST SHOTS, STEELE DUCKS.



HE FIRES IN RETURN. HIS UNCANNY AIM EXPLODES THE BOAT'S GAS TANK AND SENDS THE EVIL PLOTTERS HURLING INTO THE AIR.



HE DOGS JINGO'S STEPS TO THE WAREHOUSE.



INSIDE, STEELE LISTENS IN ON THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN JINGO AND 'BIG DORF':



BOUNDING INTO VIEW, STEELE LEVELS HIS NEVER-MISSING PISTOL.



THE CRIMINALS TAKEN CARE OF, KERRIGAN RELEASES ANNE.





# THE MOUTHPIECE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



TO BETTER GUARD THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF HIS CITY'S TEEMING MILLIONS — DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS SECRETLY BECOMES THE MOUTHPIECE WHEN HE CRACKS DOWN SINGLE-HANDED ON THE FORCES OUTSIDE THE LAW.

IN THE EL BAMBA, ONE OF THE CITY'S NIGHT SPOTS, THE ORCHESTRA RIPS OUT WITH ONE OF ITS NOISIEST JUMPING JIVE NUMBERS.



THE DRUMMER IS FEATURED AS HE POUNDS OUT A WILD RHYTHM.



IN A BACK ROOM OF THE CLUB TWO MEN POINT GUNS AT A THIRD WHO IS TIED HELPLESS TO A CHAIR!





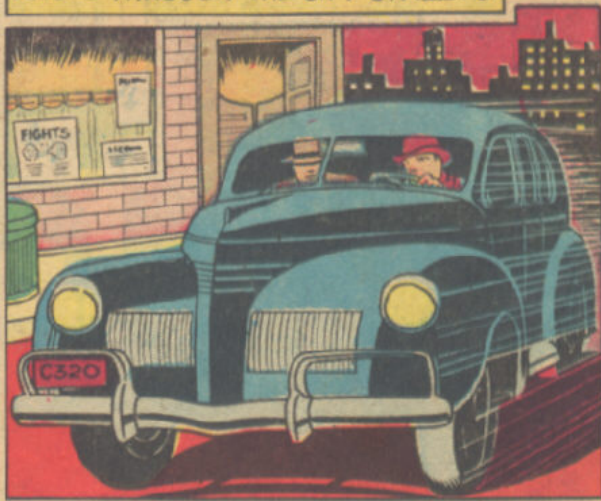
THE REVOLVERS  
KICK SHARPLY AS  
THEY GO OFF



OUTSIDE ON THE DANCE  
FLOOR THE SHOTS ARE  
DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUNDS  
OF REVELRY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER A BIG BLACK SEDAN  
RACES THROUGH THE CITY STREETS



THAT WAS A  
GOOD IDEA  
HYMIE - HAVIN'  
A JIVE JOINT  
FOR A  
FRONT!

YEAH, TRIGGER.  
WE CAN CON-  
DUCT BUSINESS  
THERE - QUIETLY  
OR OTHERWISE.  
TOSS THAT BAG  
OUT!



AS THE CAR PASSES A POLICE  
STATION THE BURLAP BAG IS  
TOSSED OUT.



THE  
NERVE OF  
THEM  
GUYS!

SOON THE POLICEMAN IS  
EXAMINING IT!



A NOTE ON  
IT FOR THE D.A.  
FEELS LIKE A BODY  
IN HERE!

HOLY CROW!  
IT'S DETECTIVE  
RIORDAN!



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE.

TOO BAD! RIORDAN  
WAS A GOOD MAN -  
LET ME SEE THAT  
NOTE!



D.A. PERKINS -  
LAY OFF OR  
YOU'LL GET  
WHAT RIORDAN  
GOT.







THOSE TWO AGENTS HAVE THE PLANS FOR THE BORDEN BOMBSIGHT AND RIORDAN WAS TRYING TO FIND THEM, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SACRIFICE ANY MORE MEN ON THAT JOB!



LATER - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY SETS OUT ALONE IN ANSWER TO THE CHALLENGING NOTE.



HALTING IN THE SHADOWS OF A BACK ALLEY BILL PERKINS PUTS ON A BLACK MASK.



QUIETLY HE APPROACHES THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE ELAMBA NIGHT CLUB.



THE MASKED MAN JIMMIE'S OPEN A WINDOW!



THE MOUTHPIECE SKILLFULLY TAPS A TELEPHONE WIRE INSIDE THE BUILDING.



IN A ROOM HYMIE AND TRIGGER SIT AT A TABLE.



SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RINGS.



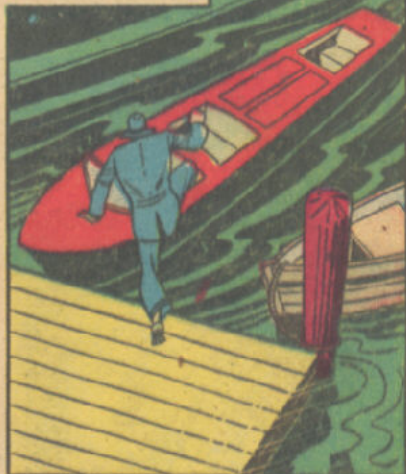
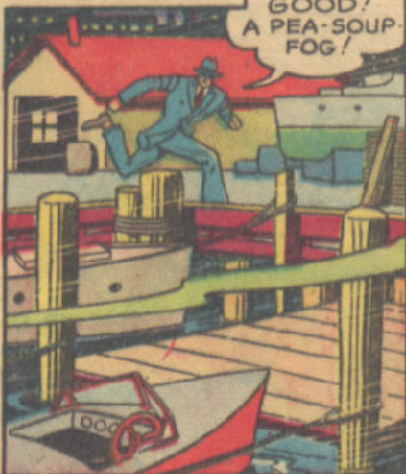




THE MOUTHPIECE NOISELESSLY DROPS OUT OF THE WINDOW...

HE RACES TO THE WATERFRONT YACHT BASIN...

AND CLIMBS INTO HIS PRIVATE SPEED BOAT.



SECONDS LATER THE MASKED MAN NEARS THE BUOY - BARELY VISIBLE IN THE FOG.

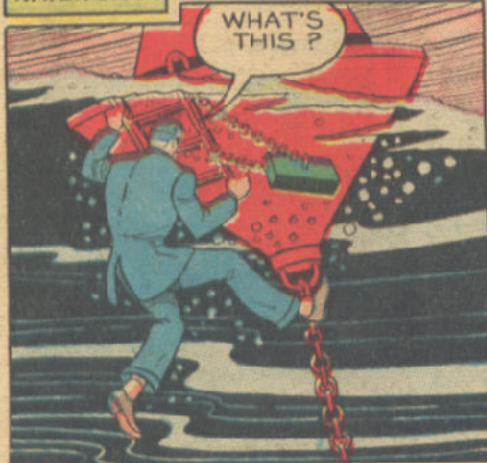
THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS ONTO THE CHANNEL MARKER AND CASTS HIS BOAT ADRIFT.

IN A FEW MINUTES TWO YACHTS CAUTIOUSLY COME TOGETHER BY THE BUOY!





AS HE CLIMBS DOWN INTO THE WATER THE MOUTHPIECE DISCOVERS A METAL BOX FASTENED TO THE BUOYS UNDER WATER SIDE!



SO THIS IS WHERE THE KIEL MOB HID THE BOMB-SIGHT PLANS!



HYMIE KIEL CLIMBS OUT ON THE BUOY AS THE SECOND BOAT DRAWS ALONGSIDE.



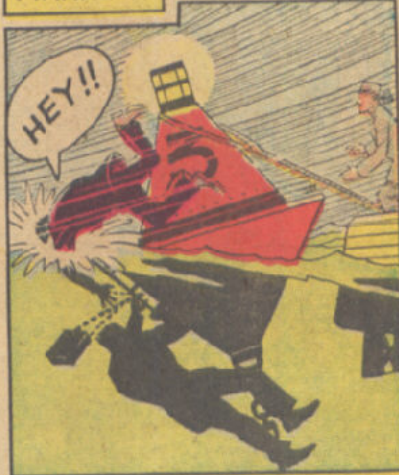
AS THE AGENT REACHES UNDER THE WATER FOR HIS PRIZE THE MOUTHPIECE WAITS FOR HIM!



THE MASKED MAN SNAPS A HANDCUFF OVER THE GRASPING HAND---



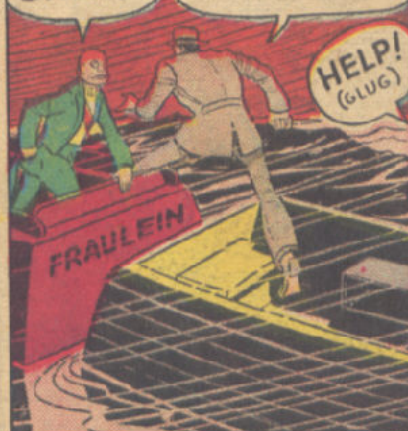
AND FASTENS THE STARTLED GANGSTER TO THE CHANNEL MARKER!



THE TERRIFIED MAN SHRIEKS IN HORROR AS HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED!



ZOMEZINGS ISS WRONG! I GO BACK! WHADDYA MEAN GO BACK-GIMME THAT DOUGH!



TAKING NO CHANCES ON BEING CAUGHT THE FOREIGN ATTACHE FIRES A LUGER PISTOL AT KIEL!





MORTALLY WOUNDED, TRIGGER KIEL FALLS INTO THE OCEAN.



THE STRONG TIDE CARRIES THE DROWNING MAN OUT TO SEA AND A WATERY GRAVE.



LOSING NO TIME THE MYSTERIOUS FOREIGNER RACES AWAY AS THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS OUT OF THE WATER WITH THE METAL BOX.



THE MOUTHPIECE DUMPS HIS GASPING PRISONER INTO THE BOAT.



PICKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOG THE MASKED MAN NEARS THE PIER.



AFTER LANDING, THE MOUTHPIECE CLIMBS UP TO THE DOCK.



GEE WHIZ - TH' MOUTHPIECE! WHO'S THAT YOU'VE GOT?



WELL THAT CLEARS UP THIS CASE AND WHEN HYMIE GOES TO THE CHAIR, DETECTIVE RIORDAN WILL BE AVENGED!







A shadow sweeping across the moon. A shadow traveling at high speed, and with tremendous wingspread!

That was the first anyone heard of the strange reign of death that struck the Northwest recently. No, the shadow was not a plane; it made no sound. A bird, perhaps?

But there never lived a bird of such gigantic proportions.

The eerie shadow was first seen blotting out the moon near the town of Blakely, Montana. It had been, on October 9th, just about ten o'clock. The next morning the whole countryside was in an uproar. Ranchers for miles around rode into town with a weird report: They had lost hundreds of head of cattle during the night.

And not only cattle. Several of the ranchers had died, too. Cow-

boys, riding night fence, were found lying beside water holes and streams—dead. Not a mark on man or beast. No sign of struggle.

The newspapers of the nation caught up the horrible story:

### AMERICA'S STRANGEST MYSTERY NEW DISEASE ATTACKS NORTHWEST

The moon shadow theory wasn't even mentioned. It was too insignificant. The obituaries of the local Blakely newspaper for the following three days filled a whole column; at least seventy people had died. No one knew how many cattle had perished.

Three hundred miles from Blakely, in Idaho, a Hollywood movie company was holding its premiere of an epic Northwest film, which had its locale in that

region. The small theatre was ablaze with lights. Huge searchlights swept the dark skies in wide arcs. Two dozen movie luminaries were in attendance, and of course the whole town was out for the gala occasion. Never before had Trumble, Idaho, seen such a thing.

During the course of the night's festivities, the great searchlights caught in their intense glare a fleeting glimpse of a shadow that shot across the skies, far overhead.

"Looked like a plane without lights," said one of the searchlight operators.

And that's all there was to that. Until the next morning.

A good tenth of Trumble's population did not awaken that



#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF MILITARY COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield } M.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MILITARY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, William E. Eisner, 5 Prospect Place, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)



morning. They never would. They were dead! Two of the movie stars, both women, were dead. And once again hundreds of cattle and sheep were found littering the ranges, stone dead.

The shadow again received no comment. But two days later, the terrible death struck a fair-sized city in Utah, and a day after that northern California was attacked by the dread calamity.

In a small laboratory on the outskirts of Seattle, Dick Mace worked over a gory mass on the big marble table. It was a cow's stomach, and he was making a thorough autopsy of it.

"Seems to be a sort of arsenic," he said to the young doctor also in attendance. "Yet it's tasteless and almost invisible."

"The strange thing about it," the doctor said, "is the fact that it causes no bloating, and evidently gives the victim no pain, as most poisons do."

So that was that. The thing to do now was to find out who or what was spreading the lethal dose over this wide area. The thing was too clever, too well planned, to be the work of some crackpot. Dick had a theory that a hateful foreign power was trying to destroy the morale of the nation, in preparation for some impending invasion.

And he was right. Two nights later, after a vast area in eastern Washington had been swept by the silent death, radios throughout the Northwestern territory broadcast a warning to the populace to vacate the region immediately, or be killed. Panic gripped everybody. Where would the monster strike again?

"Well, this is too much," said Dick. "Someone's got to run the thing to earth, and I guess I'm elected!"

It was dark up there in the sub-stratosphere, dark in the cabin of the sealed plane. Dick Mace had been in the air three hours. He was equipped with an infra-red camera, for shooting pictures at night. He had a special night telescope trained on the distant terrain below. But thus far he had seen nothing out of the ordinary.

At the moment, he was flying over Seattle, which was visible



only by its tiny twinkling lights. Then suddenly Dick saw, to the north and west, a bright blue streak of light.

"Plane motor," he said to himself. He dived lower, cutting his motor. The Wasatch Mountains towered directly below him. Then he saw the plane, far below, streaking southward, without lights. Something funny about this, he reasoned. He pulled out of the dive and planed silently, keeping the other ship's blue exhaust flame in sight over his cowl. It pulled away from him fast.

"Ah!" said Dick. Through his night glasses he saw, far behind the plane, a winged shadow. "Just as I thought!" He was losing altitude; he would have to start his

engine soon. The other plane had vanished, leaving the dark shadow behind. He swooped down, cutting in front of the shadow. It banked away, dived, came up and straightened out again. Dick worried it, causing it to lose altitude. That, of course, was his plan.

Twenty minutes later the shadow leveled off and landed on the flat country east of the mountain range. Dick made a nice three-point just behind the shadow, and leaped out of his ship.

"All right, you!" he barked, whipping out his pistol. "Stand right where you are!"

He covered the short distance separating the shadow and himself in a bound. A still darker shadow was detaching itself from the winged monster. It stood up, hands lifted.

Dick patted the pant's pockets, bringing out a heavy automatic. "Come on," he said. "You and I are going to take a nice little ride!"

Snapping handcuffs on the man, Dick made a hasty search of the mysterious craft. A large cylinder containing at least two hundred pounds of a whitish powder comprised the craft's cargo. The poison! It was released by a lever in the pilot's cockpit, and scattered over the countryside.

As Dick locked the man in the co-pilot's seat, the chap said, "Two more weeks an' we'd have poisoned the whole west coast!"

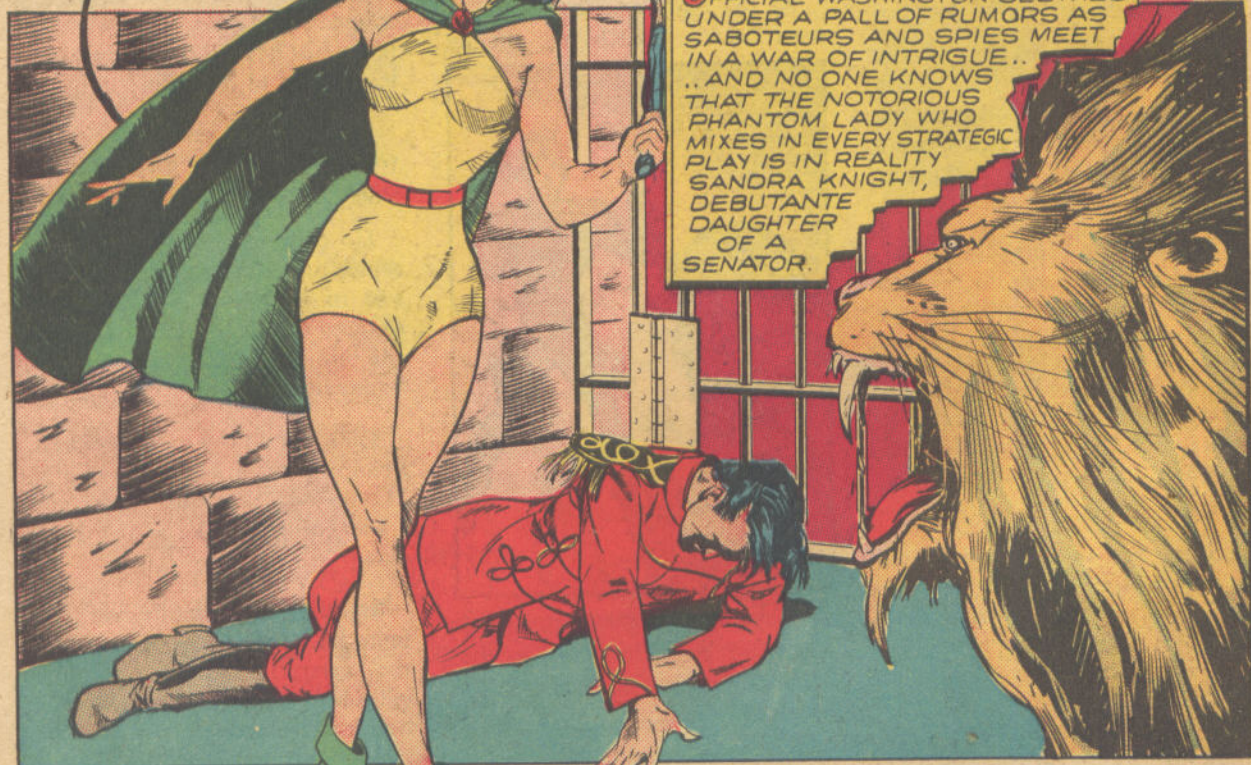
Dick grinned. "Yeah. Well, we'll mark that up as the first and last poisoning episode of a glider!"

**READ DICK MACE AGAIN  
IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF  
POLICE COMICS  
ON SALE JANUARY 9TH**



# PHANTOM Lady

by Arthur Peddy

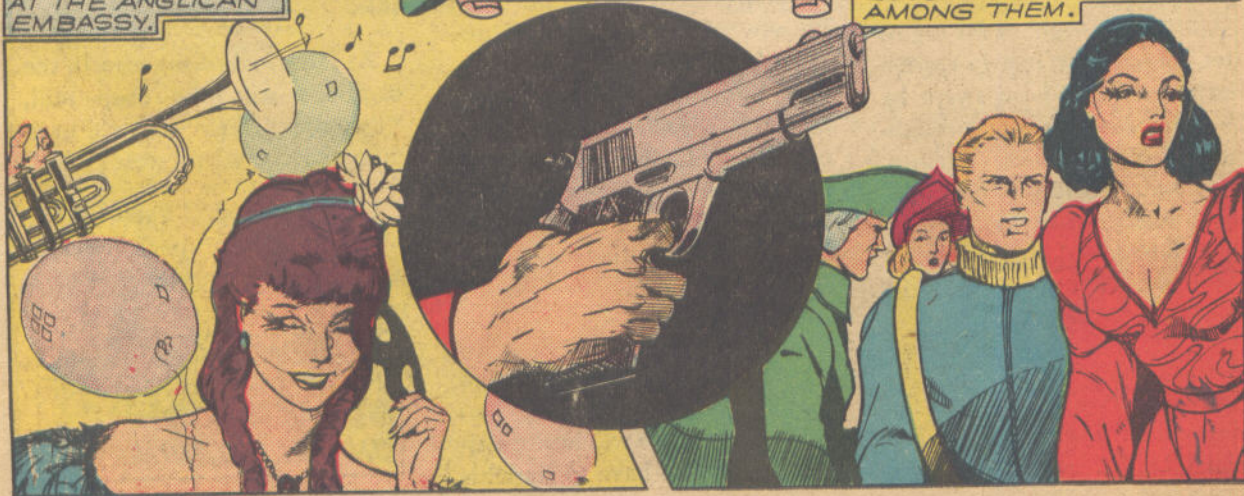


OFFICIAL WASHINGTON SEETHES UNDER A PALL OF RUMORS AS SABOTEURS AND SPIES MEET IN A WAR OF INTRIGUE... .. AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT THE NOTORIOUS PHANTOM LADY WHO MIXES IN EVERY STRATEGIC PLAY IS IN REALITY SANDRA KNIGHT, DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF A SENATOR.

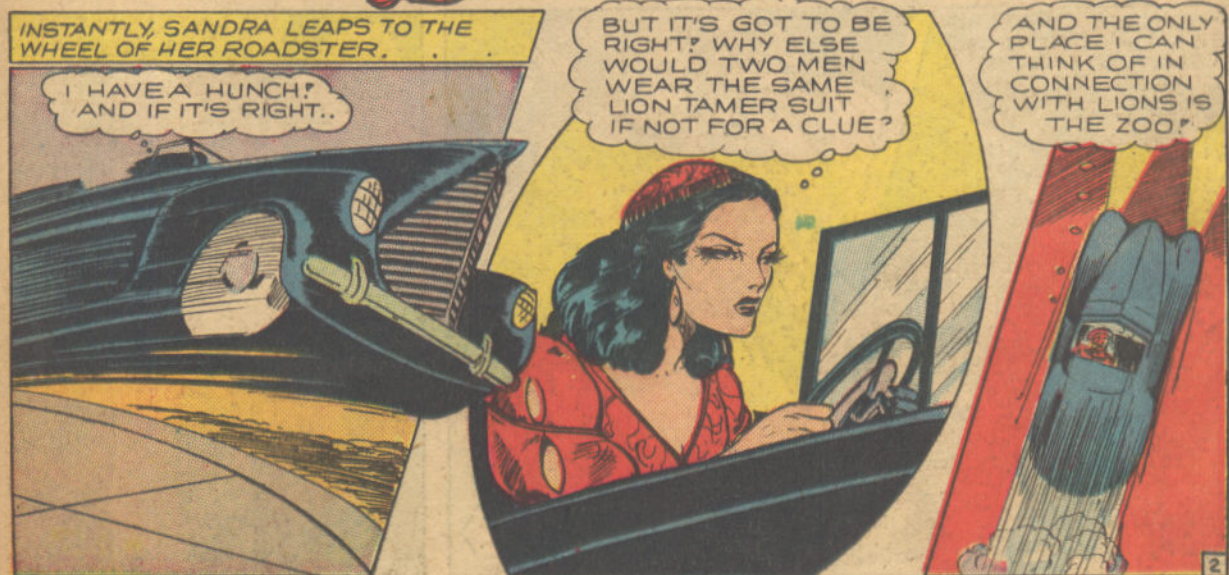
A GREAT WAR-RELIEF MASQUERADE IS IN FULL SWING AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EMBASSY.

SUDDENLY THE LILT OF A GAY WALTZ IS BROKEN BY A BARKING BULLET.

THE GUESTS STAND HORRIFIED AND BEWILDERED, SANDRA KNIGHT AND HER ESCORT, DON BORDEN AMONG THEM.













CAUTIOUSLY, PHANTOM LADY SHRINKS INTO THE SHADOWS, A MAN REACHES FOR THE CASE.



A SLASHING, TAWNY PAW SWIPES AT THE MAN'S HAND.



FURIOUSLY, THE LION PAWS THE BRIEFCASE, SHOVING IT FURTHER INSIDE THE CAGE.

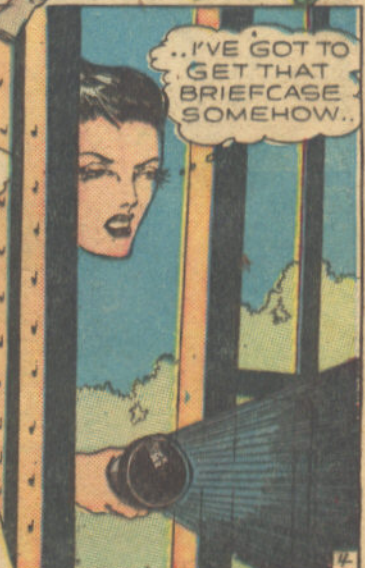


PHANTOM LADY DECIDES TO PUT THE LION'S VICTIM OUT OF HIS PAIN.

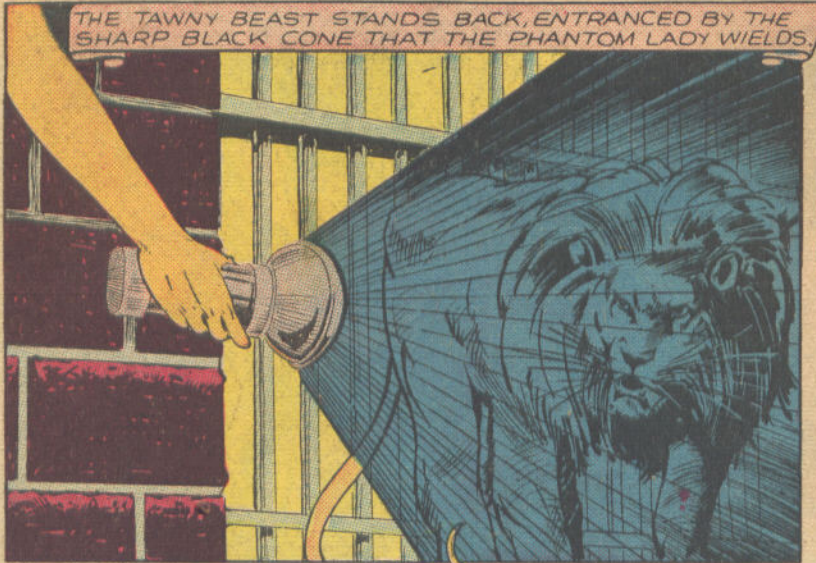
FOR AWHILE ANYWAY!



QUICKLY SHE BINDS HIS WOUNDS WITH CLOTH RIPPED FROM HIS COSTUME.





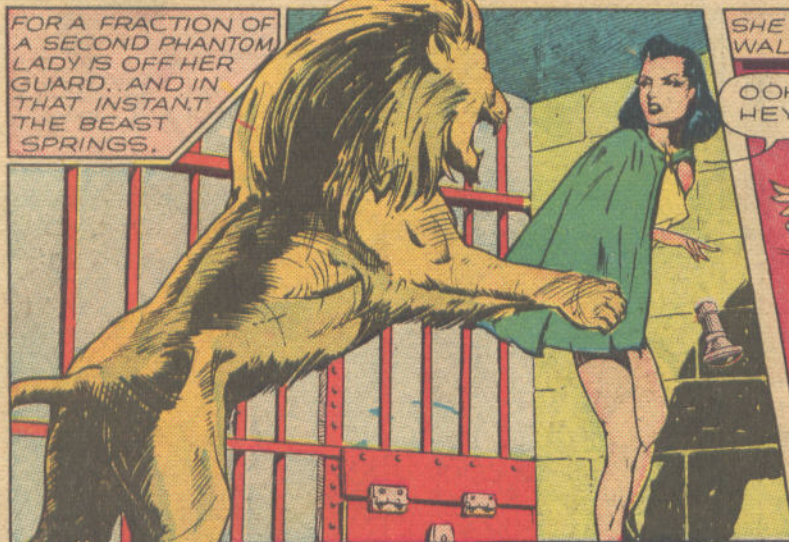


THE TAWNY BEAST STANDS BACK, ENTRANCED BY THE SHARP BLACK CONE THAT THE PHANTOM LADY WIELDS.



SHE STOOPS GINGERLY TO RETRIEVE THE PORTFOLIO.

GOOD BOY? NOW STAY BACK HERE?



FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND PHANTOM LADY IS OFF HER GUARD, AND IN THAT INSTANT THE BEAST SPRINGS.

SHE BACKS AGAINST THE WALL IN FRIGHT.

OOH? HEY?

A PRETTY PICKLE... NOW WHAT? OH! WHAT'S THIS HANGIN' ON THE WALL?



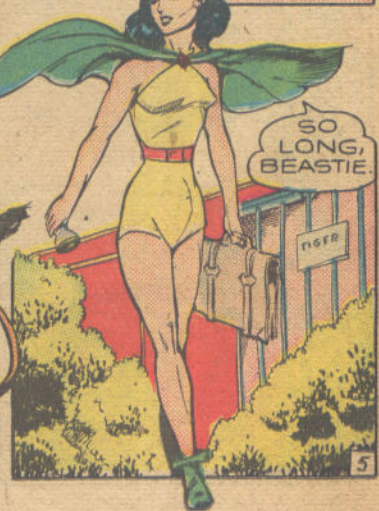
A WHIP? STAND BACK.. BEFORE I SKIN YOUR TEETH!

BUT INSTEAD OF RESISTING, THE LION SITS UP LIKE A SMALL PUP.



WELL I'LL BE.. HE'S TRAINED!

HURRIEDLY, PHANTOM LADY SNATCHES HER LIGHT AND THE BRIEF-CASE..



SO LONG, BEASTIE.



SHE NEARS THE FRONT GATE ...

WHAT'S TAKING NOEL SO LONG?

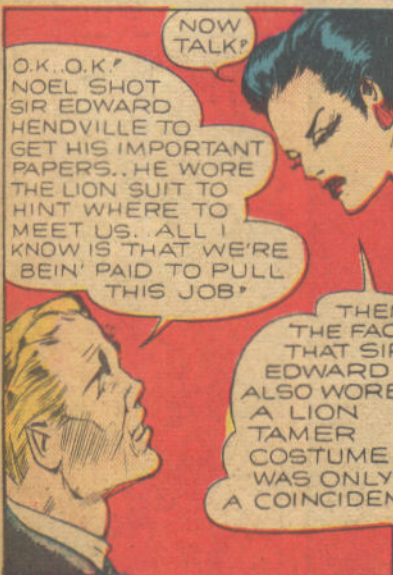
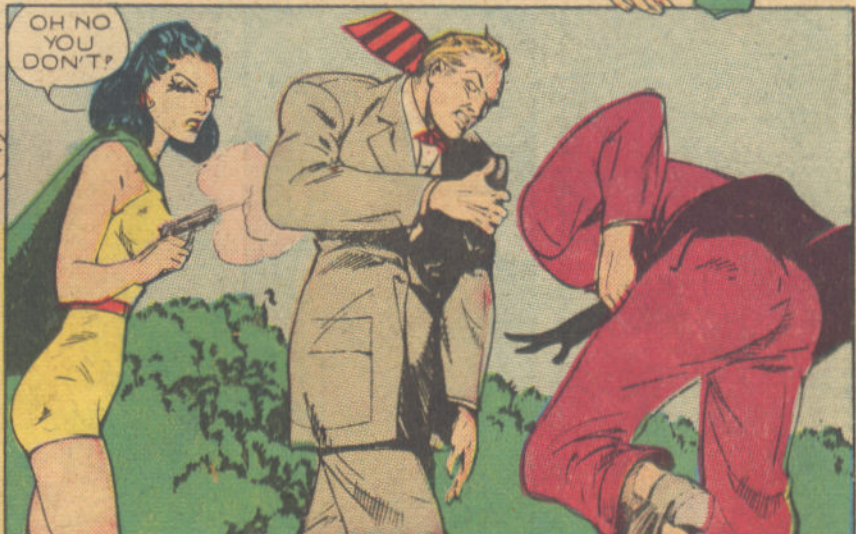
I DON'T KNOW..SH SOMEONE'S COMING!

"SOMEONE" IS THE PHANTOM LADY FLASHING HER BLACK LIGHT IN THEIR FACES.

SUDDENLY, THE WOUNDED "LION TAMER" DRAGS HIMSELF UP TO HER.



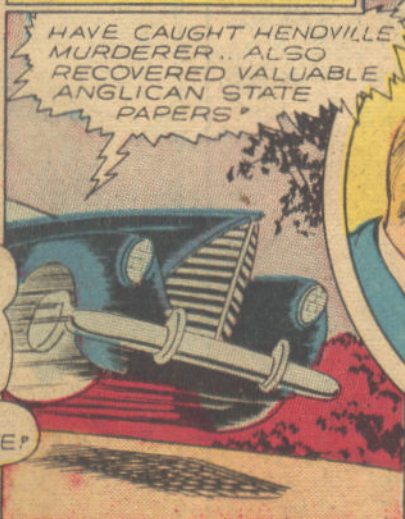
HIS TWO COLLEAGUES SEIZE THEIR CHANCE.



NOW TALK?

THEN THE FACT THAT SIR EDWARD ALSO WORE A LION TAMER COSTUME WAS ONLY A COINCIDENCE?

SOON PHANTOM LADY RADIOS A CALL TO THE POLICE.



LATER... SANDRA, HEAR THE LATEST? SEEMS THE LIONS AT THE ZOO HAVE AN APPETITE AND SOMEONE FOUND A LION TAMER JACKET?

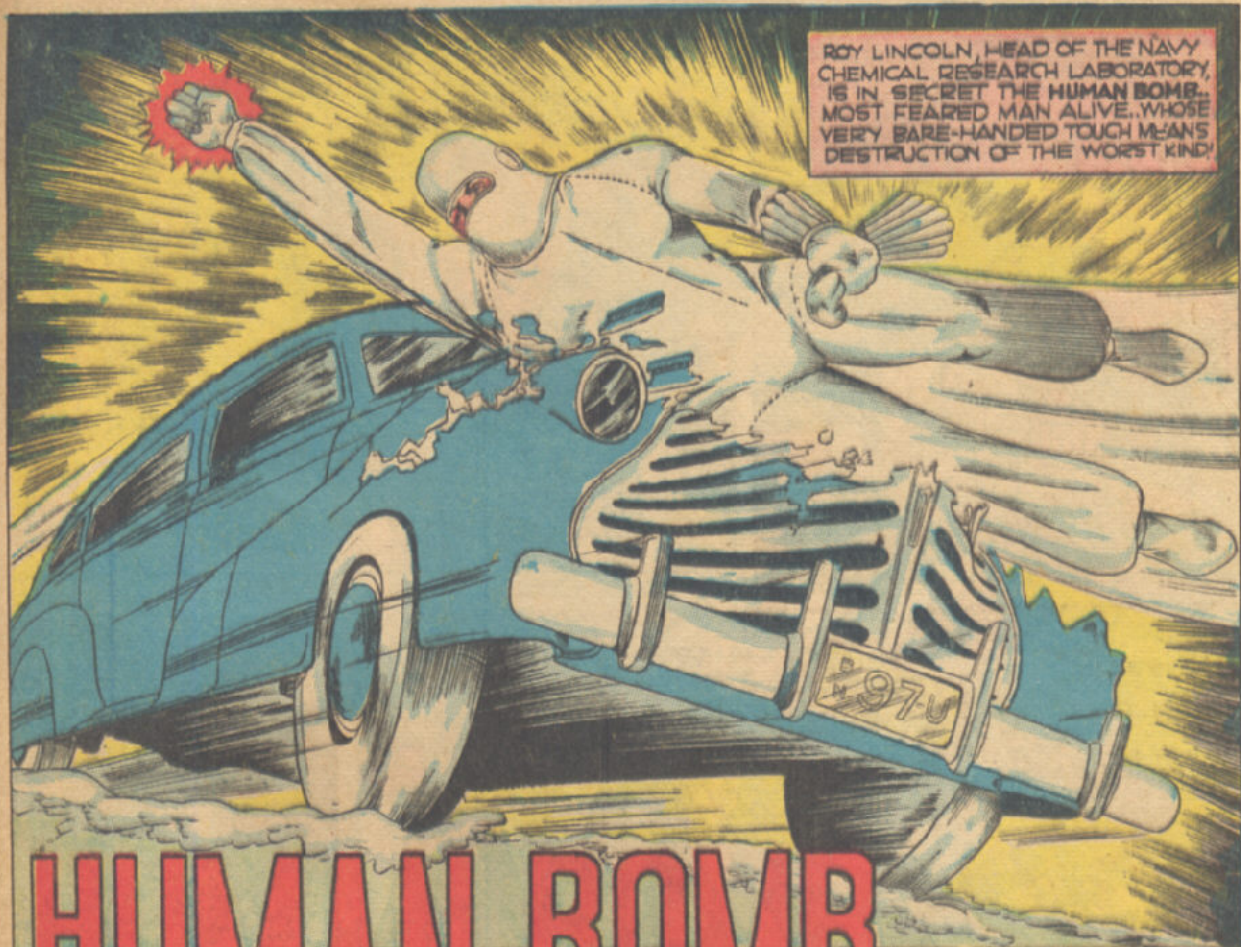








ROY LINCOLN, HEAD OF THE NAVY CHEMICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY, IS IN SECRET THE HUMAN BOMB. MOST FEARED MAN ALIVE, WHOSE VERY BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION OF THE WORST KIND!



# THE HUMAN BOMB

ONE NIGHT AS ROY LINCOLN AND HIS FIANCEE JEAN ARE WALKING ALONG A WASHINGTON STREET...

... NOW DIVIDE THE SQUARE ROOT OF COSINE<sup>2</sup> BY THE INFINITIVE OF THE SQUARE ROOT OF "B" OVER THE TOTAL PRESSURE MINUS THE RESISTING ELEMENT.



THERE—NOW YOU KNOW A SECRET NAVY FORMULA—BUT DON'T TELL A SOUL OR YOU'LL BE SHOT FOR TREASON!

O-O-O YOU'RE WORSE THAN TRYING TO SQUEEZE BLOOD OUT OF A STONE!!



YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE THE DECENCY TO SPEAK ENGLISH TO ME!! FORMULA ... PHOOEY!!



HA! HA! DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I TOLD YOU SAY—WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT UP AHEAD?

by Paul Carroll





WHAT'S GOING ON?

LEMME OUTA HERE!



C'MON, JEAN— LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

OH-OH— HERE WE GO AGAIN!!



HEY— WHERE'S THE FIRE?

IT AIN'T NO FIRE, BUD— IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB! HE'S GONE LOCO— RAMSACKING THE F.B.I. OFFICE! WHY THAT PONEY SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS.....

THE HUMAN BOMB???

ROY-ROY— DON'T YOU DARE!!

YEAH!

ROY— I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!! ROY! OH-OH— YOU... YOU..... WHAT'S THE USE!!



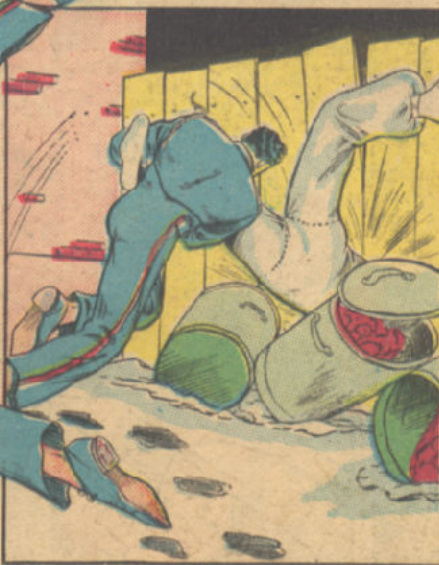
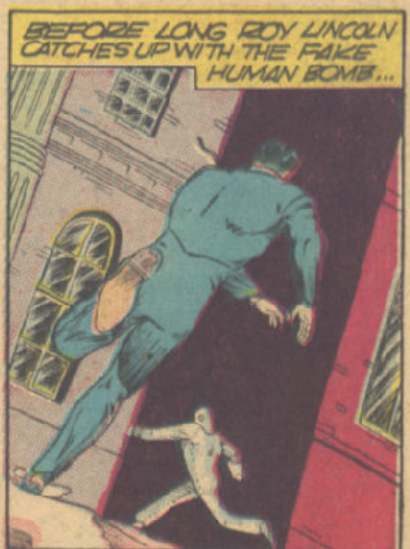
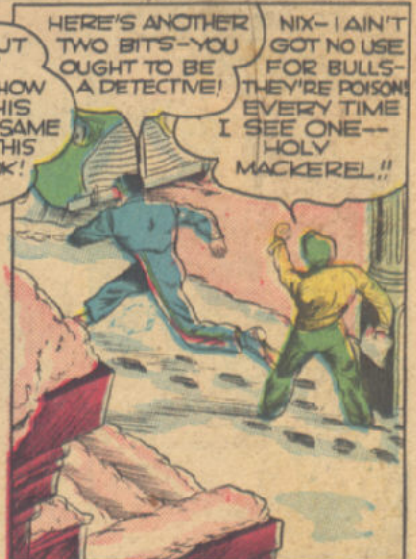
WELL— ROY LINCOLN HAS GONE AND LEFT JEAN STANDING ON A CORNER AGAIN.. HE IS OFF TO LEARN WHO'S IMPERSONATING HIM AS THE HUMAN BOMB !!

THE HUMAN BOMB EH? I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS SURE MADE THE STREETS DESERTED!!



THERE'S A KID— MAYBE HE SAW WHERE THIS PONEY HUMAN BOMB WENT!!







NICE GOIN', BUD!! WE'LL HOLD HIM! JOE—PICK UP THAT FOLDER HE GOT FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICE!!



BEFORE YOU GET ANY IDEAS—THIS GUY ISN'T THE HUMAN BOMB—HE'S JUST A PHONEY!!



WELL!!

BANG!



DIDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD EH, BAT? YOU GUYS WORK PRETTY SMOOTHLY—YOU EVEN HAD ME FOOLED AT FIRST! THE ONLY MISTAKE YOU MADE IS THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO THE REAL HUMAN BOMB!!



GULP!!

AS SOON AS I PUT THIS OUTFIT ON, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HE'S LIKE!!

IT'S HIM!!!



OKAY—STEP ON IT!!



GET IN TH' CAR BEFORE HE BLOWS US INTO HASH!

MIKE—GIMME THAT BOTTLE OF NITROGLYCERINE YOU'VE BEEN USING!

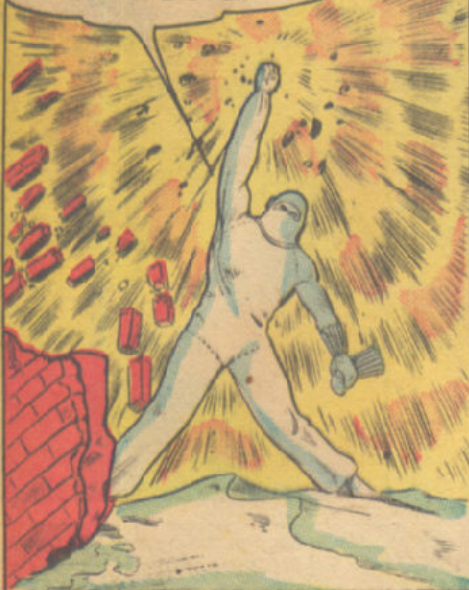


AS THE BOTTLE OF NITROGLYCERINE HITS THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, IT IS SHATTERED INTO A DEAFENING EXPLOSION.....

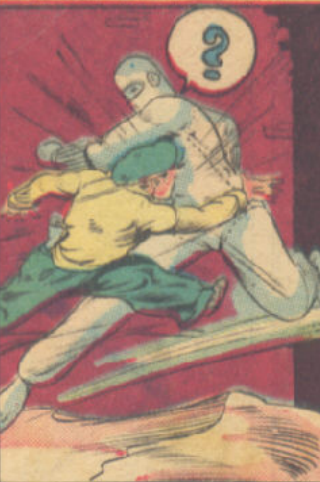




YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO STOP ME BOYS!!

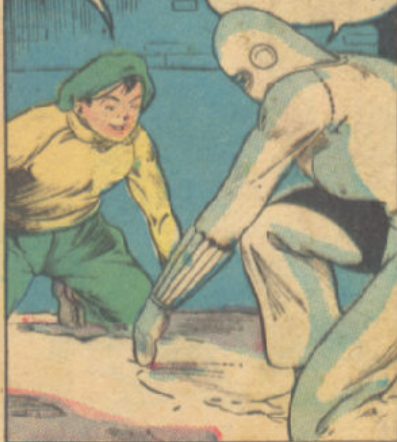


AS THE HUMAN BOMB ROUNDS THE CORNER... FROM THE ALLEY...



THEY WENT THAT WAY— NOW WE'RE EVEN FOR THAT EXTRA TWO BITS YOU GAVE ME!!!

OH-OH-I KNEW IT!!



SORRY I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN—BUT I'VE A JOB ON MY HANDS!!

HEY!!



HEY—HEY!! YOU'LL NEED A CAR TO CHASE THOSE CROOKS— I GOT ONE ALL FIXED... WARMED UP... CHAINS AN' ALL!!

WELL I'LL BE!!



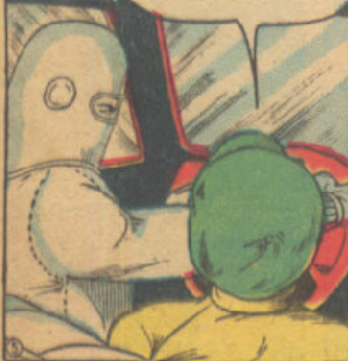
ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME— THE IGNITION SWITCH IS LOCKED!!

STEP ON TH' STARTER, MUGG!! STEP ON IT!!



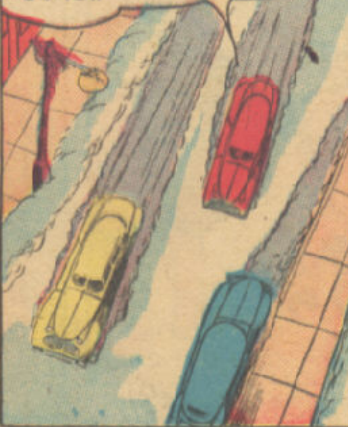
WHAT TH' IT WORKS!! HEY, WHOSE CAR IS THIS... AND WHAT'D YOU DO TO IT!

SEARCH ME? I JUST CROSSED TH' WIRES ON IT!!

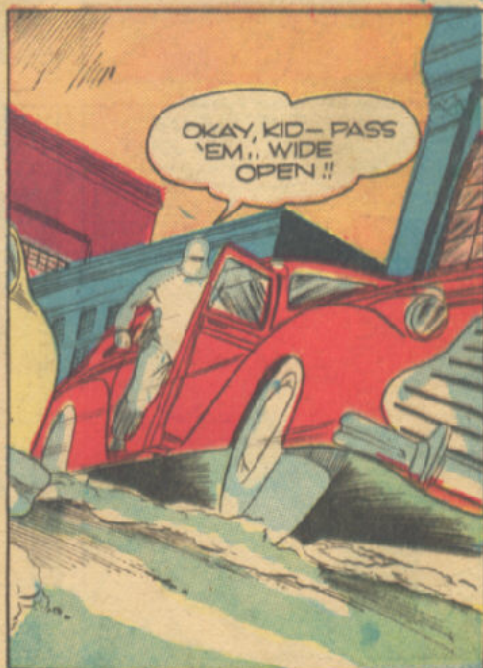


A SHORT TIME LATER..

THERE'S THE CAR! TAKE THE WHEEL KID— THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE GUNS!!

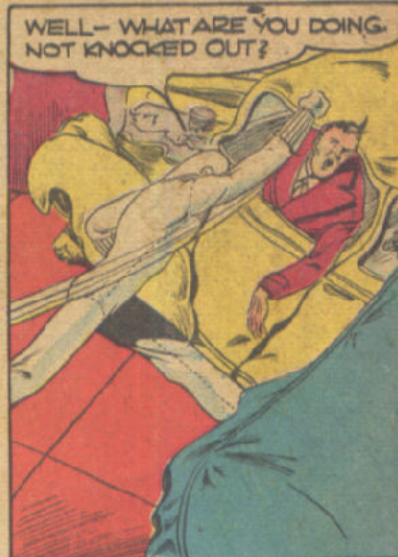
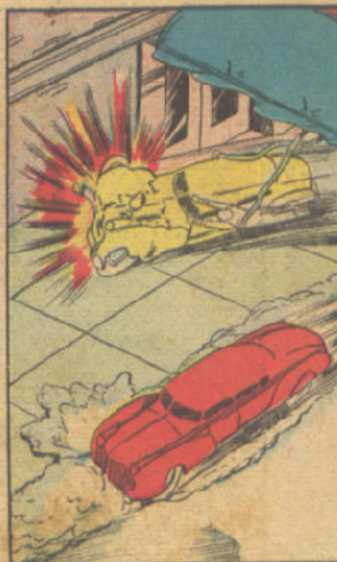
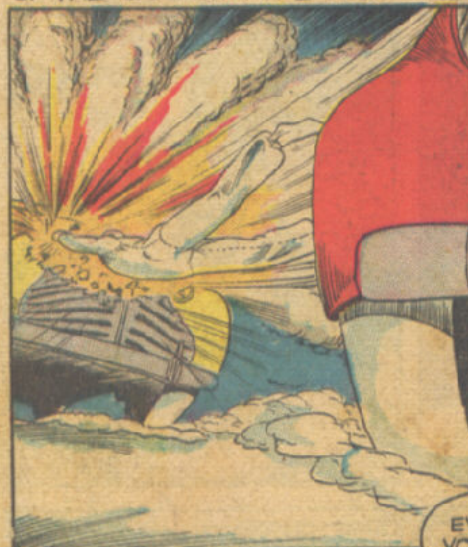


OKAY, KID— PASS 'EM, WIDE OPEN!!





AS THE TWO CARS DRAW UP, SIDE BY SIDE, THE HUMAN BOMB DIVES FOR THE MOTOR OF THE CAR WITH THE THUGS IN IT..



WELL- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NOT KNOCKED OUT?

WHEN! ALL OF 'EM AS COLD AS ICE!! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS FOLDER THE PHONEY HUMAN BOMB LIFTED FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICE!!



EVIDENCE TO PROVE THAT HENRY VOGELMAN, THE PUBLISHER IS THE HEAD OF A NAZI PROPAGANDA AND SABOTAGE RING HERE! WELL...!! C'MON, KID... HERE'S WHERE WE FINISH UP- THIS LITTLE EPISODE CLINCHES THINGS!!



YEAH- BUT IT'S FINISHED ALREADY! DIS RAT IS VOGELMAN- I USED TO SELL PAPERS FOR HIM UNTIL I GOT TOO NOSEY IN TH' CELLAR OF TH' JOINT.. TH' BUM CANNED ME AN' KICKED ME OUT!!



NOW THAT WE'VE CLEANED HOUSE, WHERE'S YOUR JOINT SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO BUNK!!



OH-OH! OKAY, C'MON, BUT I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE AND SEE A FRIEND OF MINE FIRST!

THERE'S THE FRIEND I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

WELL OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS TO PULL ON A GUY, A DAME!



A SHORT TIME LATER....

AS TIME ROLLS ON, AND BOY LINCOLN MAKES PROGRESS IN PATCHING THINGS UP AS TO WHY HE LEFT JEAN STRANDED AGAIN!!

C'MON, CHUMP- WOMEN IS POISON! THEY ONLY WRECK A MAN'S LIFE- JUST TROUBLE.. BLAH BLAH.. BLAH..



Don't miss the next exciting episode of The Human Bomb in the March issue of POLICE COMICS.







# TOM HAD THE *Merriest Christmas* EVER!



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